/V cont./

114 as well as by Herr Prof. Dr. José Antonio Benton, Herr Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Saake, S.V.D., Herr Harald Schultz and Frau Wilma, all of São Paulo.

I found helpful assistance in Manaus on the part of Herr Alipio Edmundo Lage, the head of the I. Inspetoria Regional do Serviço de Proteção aos Índios, as well as in the small German colony there on the part of the families of Prof. Dr. Harald Sioli, Kurt Polack, and Gerhard Lindenberg.

122 123 With profound gratitude I mention my kind friends, the Surára and Pakidái Indians, who were so hospitable to me and indefatigably helpful in my work; they are primarily the ones who deserve credit for the successful outcome of the undertaking. [115] Above all the Surára chief Hewemão and his brothers Kurikayawõ and Inxinemá, my little interpreter Jibeauwõ (see p. 258), and the Pakidái chief Karenauõ and the war chief Porêhiwõ deserve special mention here.

I also owe much to my faithful servant, the Tukano /Tucano/ Indian Mateus Dias, a member of the Indian protection post Ajuricaba on the middle Rio Demini. He was an indispensable helper to me in all emergencies during these nine months.

/VI/ I am likewise very much indebted, however, to the Brazilian country people on the Rio Negro and on the Demini and Aracá rivers, as well as to the personnel of the Indian protection post Ajuricaba on the middle Demini and the mission station of the Salesians in Barcelos. No matter where I went, I was shown such hospitality as is scarcely imaginable. Mention should be made here above all of the Spanish planter, Manuel Antonio Gómez, of the Rio Aracá, and the German nun, Klara Jakob, of the Salesian mission in Barcelos, who devotedly nursed me during my attacks of malaria. Equal thanks are due the physicians and sisters in the Hospital de Isolamento "Emilio Ribas" in São Paulo, where, after my return, I was treated without charge for two months and cured of a serious liver infection.

114 122 I thank Herr Dr. Koch and Herr Müller of the Bayer branch in Rio de Janeiro for the medicines they donated. This made it possible for me to help many sick Indians and caboclos and to alleviate my own sufferings.

Surára
Pakidái

/26 cont./

283 171 184 114 Up to now there has been only one parallel to this, namely a Quechua spindle (124). The spindle of the Karimé, on the basis of the drawing in Salathé s afticle, seems to resemble those of the Surára and Pakidái (125). Unfortunately, Salathé does not indicate whether the whorl is held in position by a wrapping put on below it or perhaps by means of resin or wax, as is the case, for example, for the spindles of the Chama and Pauserna (126).

283 This already exhausts the comparisons with regard to the securing of the whorl by means of a wrapping, wood, or wax, so that no conclusions about origin and distribution can as yet be drawn about it.

283 123 During the time I lived with the Surára and Pakidái, I found that many women preferred to use the lids of my empty powder-boxes and skin-cream jars as whorls, /27/ and they preferred to spin the surgical cotton which I carried with me rather than their cultivated cotton, because, they said, the threads spun from it were stronger and more durable.

283 Spinning is done in the following way: The woman sits on a thin tree trunk with the lower part of her legs bent back. The cotton that is to be worked hangs over her left shoulder and from there the thread is fed out with the fingers of the left hand. She first rolls the spindle, on the barb of which she has fastened the thread, in a horizontal position with the palm of her right hand on her slightly sloping right thigh, moving her hand rapidly from the knee upwards. This gives the thread a

124. Frödin and Nordenskiöld, 1918, pp. 26/27.

125. Salathé, 1931/32, p. 305, Fig. 14.

126. Frödin and Nordenskiöld, 1918, pp. 26/27.

Surára
Pakidái

/35 cont./

291 On the basis of my field work, however, I have reached different conclusions with respect to the Surára, Pakidái, Puseheweterí, Aramamesterí, Xiriána, and Karauaterí. Protection of the genital organs is completely eliminated for the women of these tribes, and for the men it is at most of secondary, if not tertiary importance. The thin hip-cord gives them, in fact, the same outward security that the article of clothing gives the civilized person. Though nothing is covered by it, except the glans penis, the absence of it immediately arouses a feeling of modesty in them, which, however, differs from that which has been instilled in us in that it
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has nothing to do with their nakedness. Clothing, shirts and trousers
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which I brought along as gifts, was donned by them, to be sure, as a joke, in somewhat the way we might dress up for a carnival, but they were glad when they could take it off again. Yet these Indians never showed the least shyness or embarrassment before me in their unclothed state, and when I had won their friendship and convinced them of the harmlessness of my photographic equipment, men, women, and children let themselves be photographed in relaxed and natural poses.

292 In contrast to the important hip-cord, the belts of the Surára and Pakidái are expressly ornamental objects. Since they are worn not only for festivals, however, but also on all ceremonial occasions, magical motives may likewise play a part. At the same time, they are a distinguishing mark for specific tribes and age classes. They differ from all the other belts of South American Indians, as do the men's belts of the Waiká (186) (187), in that they are open in front

186. Zerries, 1955b, colored picture on jacket and photograph on p. 663, lower left.

187. Zerries, 1954b, Pl. VI, top.

[114] and positively accentuate the pubic parts. Thus, they seem to represent striking evidence for the view of Brosse (188) and

188. Grosse, 1894, p. 96.

Surára
Pakidái

/35 cont./

292 114 Westermarck (189), who regard the belts as a sexual stimulus, by means of which the eyes are supposed to be drawn to the pubic parts. For the Surára and Pakidái, however, /36/ this hypothesis does not apply, in spite of their open belts, for the naked body does not provide any sensual stimulation for them, but rather solely the sexual act. According to Krause, among the Karajá /Caraja/ the feeling of modesty of the girls is supposed to have led to the development of the types of belts. As evidence for this, he gives the following observation: "Women never removed or changed their bands in our presence, and small girls from whom I bought belts went behind the nearest mat wall in order to put on a new one there before they brought 291 123 me the worn belt" (190). My experiences among the Surára and Pakidái were the same with respect to the hip cords, among men as well as among women and children, but they always untied their belts without shyness and gave them to me in exchange 292 184 for trade goods. This was also true of the Puseheweterí women, which shows that their little fringed aprons do not represent, say, a pubic covering, but merely ornamentation. Moreover, they also tie on their belts only for festive occasions.

291 171 The situation with respect to the children's belt made of the skin of the maracajá is unique. It should be noted, however, that in Guiana, one of the chief South American areas of distribution of the skin belt (191) (192), specimens made of jaguar skin have

189. Westermarcj, 1901, pp. 195/96, 211.

190. Krause, 1911, pp. 208/09.

191. Becher, 1951, I, p. 82; II, plate and Map No. 4.

192. Becher, 1955, p. 72.

Surára
Pakidai
Shiriana
Waica
Karime

/53 cont./

415
824 Fruits cut in two furnish correspondingly shaped bowls -- marakí. In order to cut them, men or women tie curauá fibers around the fresh fruit and then scratch along this with the little [386] cutia-tooth knife (see p. 117). On the inside all the bowls are given a black coating, which is made out of the charred wood of the pupunha palm and the oily yolk of turtle eggs or cayman fat.

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[438] A few families also have black, thick-walled, undecorated clay vessels -- habokí -- with a round bottom, which are poorly fired and break easily. I was told that they come from the Xirifina (293), for the Surára and Pakidái do not practice pottery themselves.

323
184 On the other hand, this craft is also familiar to the Waiká and Karimé, and, to be sure, they make vessels of the same shape as described above (294) (295). /Fig. 24 appears here./

123
415 My pots and pans of aluminum, brought along as gifts, were highly prized by the women of both tribes, as were empty gasoline cans and food cans.

/54/

11. Tools

412 Primitive tools, which consist of teeth, tortoise shell, bone, taquara, bamboo, and wood, are few.

[192]
[237] The most important one, and reserved exclusively for male use, is a small knife made out of the sharp tooth of the cutia (Dasyprocta aguti L.) -- tomenáke --, which every Surára and Pakidái wedges under his left upper-arm cord while traveling and on hunting and war expeditions (Ill. 31) (296). The lower part

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293. The name, too, is almost the same among the latter -- "hapóga" -- (Koch-Grünberg, 1928, p. 304).

294. Zerries, 1956a, p. 184.

295. Salathé, 1931/32, p. 302 and Fig. 12.

[301] 296. The women use the cutia teeth as ear ornaments (see p. 86).

Surára

/57 cont./

551
162
[802]

	Estimated Age (315)

315. These Indians count only to three, so I could only estimate the ages given.

Hewemão (316) -- chief and medicine man	42 years

● [123]

316. I was able to learn all the names only after my adoption into the tribe, for they are kept a strict secret from outsiders. But even then the individual men and women themselves never told them to me; I learned the names only from other members of the tribe, and, to be sure, always in a whisper. If they call each other in a loud voice, they use Portuguese names which they have heard from palm-fiber gatherers. I too had to give names to several members of the tribe.

Koentemã -- his first wife (from the Pakidã tribe)	24 years
Kanikawõ -- son	8 years
Daughter (has no name yet (317)	1 year

[553]

317. Children are given their names only after the completion of their third year (see pp. 201 ff.).

Yaripanamã -- his second wife (from the Aramamesterí tribe) (She had a daughter who died in infancy.)	35 years
Maxiuamã -- daughter of Hewemão and his former wife Taímakána, who died in childbirth	9 years

Surára
Pakidái

/58 c[illegible]/

551
162

	Estimated Age
Xeramá -- his second wife (from the Atamamesterí tribe)	25 years
Xaniwõ -- son	12 years
Daughter (has no name yet)	2 years
Xutumí -- widow	59 years
Haikiamá -- her daughter (likewise a widow)	40 years
Yarikoawõ -- son of Haikiamá (bachelor)	17 years
Katarauwõ -- solitary bachelor	17 years
/59/	
Ikoauwõ -- solitary bachelor	16 years
Jibeauwõ -- orphan boy	9 years
Mauahemá -- orphan boy	8 years
Niheromá -- female captive (from the hostile tribe of the Karauaterí)	15 years

[161] [123] There are somewhat more Pakidái, for they numbered 89. Since my association with them was not quite as close as with the Surára, however, I was able to learn considerably fewer given names. In the following I am presenting those that became known to me:

	Estimated Age
Karenauõ -- chief and medicine man	26 years
Poroamá -- his wife (from the Surára tribe)	20 years
Son (has no name yet)	2 years
Porẽhiwõ -- war chief	32 years
Ruxoyetemí -- his first wife (from the Surára tribe)	30 years
Yauetoiwõ -- son	13 years
Xaraíma -- daughter	7 years
Daughter (has no name yet). She was born during my stay	1 month
The second wife of Porẽhiwõ left him because of ill treatment and was presumably drowned	
Kaxiribewõ -- warrior (brother of Porẽhiwõ)	39 years
Monamí -- his wife	36 years

Surára
Pakidái

854 514 [123] /64 cont./ If the child's nose is not clean, the mother carefully takes it between her teeth, presses its contents into her mouth, and spits them out. The women found it most unhygienic that I blew my nose into a handkerchief and carried it with me.

856 593 The little Surára and Pakidái learn to walk and talk at the same age as the children of civilization, and they are aided by their parents, siblings, and relatives. The pleasure of the relatives is great and they are overjoyed when the child is able to stand and walk and babble its first words, *nápe*=mother and *hápe*=father.

862 e) Name-giving

[851] After the completion of the third year, a new, important period of life begins. The nursing period is ended, and the child, which hitherto belonged to the flesh and blood of the mother (325b), has become an independent human being.

> 851 846 114 171 842 325b. This idea is very unusual for South American Indians. It should be remembered, however, that among most of the tribes the so-called couvade, the men's childbed, is practiced. Karl von den Steinen, who has examined the psychological basis of this custom, says that in this case the child, whether it be a boy or girl, is "the little father," so to speak, a part of the father, that is, a bit of his body. (K. von den Steinen, 1894, pp. 334 ff.) "The activity of the mother in this connection is compared to that of the soil, which receives the seed." (von Spix and von Martius, 1831, p. 1339.)

008 553 776 [782] has become an independent human being. Now it is also given a name, which is taken from the animal or vegetable kingdom. The name is given to the father, when he offers his prayers in snuff-powder intoxication, by the gigantic animal and plant spirits living on

/71 cont./

765 Shortly before sundown a bright, blazing fire was kindled
with the help of the fire-drill, and the funeral pyre was set afire
765 with it. Then the men blew the snuff into each other's noses,
787 and after a few minutes they were in a state of intoxication, dur-
276 ing which they danced, singing and screaming, around the flames
that leaped up over the dead man. This was the appeal to the
hekurá who are supposed to help the soul of the dead on its journey
[782] to the moon (see pp.199/201). The chief uttered his prayers of
supplication in a loud voice, and all the other men joined in
the chorus. Meanwhile the men kept blowing snuff into each
other's noses, so that their ecstasy constantly increased and finally
reached an unimaginable climax when the fire took possession of
the skeleton. It no longer seemed to be human beings who, howl-
ing, stamping, and gesticulating, now stormed around the pyre.
They seemed to have taken leave of their senses, and, as a result
of the snuff-intoxication, they probably actually were in another
world. To me, the sight was like a nightmare and made me think
[774] of paintings by Hieronymus Bosch. The wandering of the soul of
[775] the dead existing in the bones, accompanied by the tree-soul, had
begun, and the hekurá paved the way for them. Meanwhile, night
had fallen, and the moon, which I suddenly noticed in the sky in
its full size between the crowns of the trees, seemed to be waiting
for its new inhabitant. In spite of the heat, which was increased
[123] by the fire of the funeral pyre, cold shudders ran down my spine,
● and an indescribable feeling of terror clutched at my heart.
Though I had not taken any snuff-powder at this ceremony, I, too,
was in a veritable drunken fever. Never before, neither in church
nor in a theater, had I experienced a scene as grandiose as the
one here in the nocturnal forest of Amazonia.

This death ceremony continued until dawn. After midnight, however, only a few men, whose duty it was at the same time to keep the funeral pyre burning, were still dancing and singing. The other warriors lay exhausted on the ground and slept. Occasionally one of the dancers was nudged. He got up immediately, had snuff blown into his nose, and danced around the pyre, singing, while another lay down to sleep. Finally, only two men were still

Surára
Pakidái

/83 cont./

252
262

394. (cont.)
nourishment during their first and second menstruation (see p. 142), and it represents the most important item of food for pregnant women, and for several months after confinement. Among the Tapirapé, on the other hand, where the banana also represents a basic part of the diet, parents must refrain from eating this fruit after a birth. "They believe that the child would die if they disregarded this rule" /cited in English/ (Baldus, 1956b, p. 601).

[171]

252 raw. -- The mealy, nourishing fruits of the pupunha palm are primarily boiled. Then the soup is allowed to cool and a refreshing drink is obtained in this way. Before festivals all the [415] women pour it into a large, wooden trough, which is found in every maloka, so that there will be enough on hand. By means of steaming or roasting, a solid food is also prepared from them (395). --

[114]
[137]

395. Alexander von Humboldt, by the way designates the pupunha or pihiguao palm as "Pfirsich-palme" /peach palm/ and praises the delicious taste of its fruit (Alexander von Humboldt, 1860, III, pp. 281 f., 300; IV, p. 145). I cannot agree with the great scholar in this, for to me it tasted like slightly bitter potatoes. Zerries, by the way, is of the same opinion (Zerries, 1956b, p. 148).

Taioba, cará, sweet potatoes, and sweet manioc are steamed in a pot or roasted in hot ashes without being previously washed or
252 peeled. -- Bitter manioc is scraped by the women with the
412 lancet-shaped bamboo knife (see p. 118) and then grated on a rough slab of granite, for they do not have grating boards (396) (397).

[177]
[123]

396. My servant Mateus, however, made them

Surára
Pakidái
Shiriana

/83 cont./

252 412 [177] ● [123] [192] 396. (cont.)
a few graters out of the sides of our empty gasoline cans by boring numerous holes in them with a nail. They were very happy over these and maintained that it was considerably more agreeable to grate on them. They also immediately had a name for this grater -- kabaricinamó.

252 184 412 397. The Xiriâna, too, grate the manioc roots on rough slabs of granite (Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 308).

252 The grated pulp is then pressed out by hand with the help of small, square strips of plaiting (see p. 112), which are rolled up (398).

398. The poison is removed from the manioc pulp in the same way among the Xiriâna (Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 308).

Among the Surâra I found three tube presses and among the Pakidâi five, which they had obtained from the Xiriâna (see p. 112). With the flour the women bake, on large, flat granite stones under which a fire is kindled, manioc flat-cakes, which are consumed with pleasure. This food, which appeared among them only a comparatively short time ago, seems to become more and more popular. The preparation of kaschirí is unknown (399). 273

[114] [177] 399. Since, however, my servant, a pure-blooded Tukano /Tucano/ Indian, felt a great desire for a slight alcoholic intoxication at the sight of the manioc flat-cakes, he taught the Surâra how to make kaschirí. At first they tried this unknown drink very critically. But after the first swallow their eyes shone, and they slapped Mateus on the shoulder enthusiastically and assured him again and again how good it tasted to them.

Surara
Pakidai

/83 cont./

262 439 Great popularity was also enjoyed among the Surára and Pakidái by the roasted manioc flour which they occasionally obtain from the palm-fiber gatherers by barter or from the Indian protection post on the Demini as a gift. They are unable to make it themselves because they do not have the large iron pans for it.

252 Various fruits of wild plants also need special preparation. The white seeds found in the pods of the pacova-sororoca (see p. 168) must be roasted before they are eaten. The taste, by the way, corresponds exactly to roasted maize. /84/ -- The fruits of the pot-tree (see p. 168) are first boiled, for which the women particularly liked to use my empty gasoline cans, and then cut open with the knife of tortoise shell (see p. 118). They are then poured into one or more of the large plaited baskets -- uaramá -- (see p. 107) and hung for four days in the water on the bank of a stream, in order to remove the bitter substances. After that they are thoroughly rubbed by the women with their feet. These fruits, to be sure, occupy only a second-rank position in the favor of the "gourmets," but at least they fill the stomach. Moreover, I was assured that in olden times, that is, before the introduction of the banana, this fruit played a much greater role in the food economy.

263 All the foods mentioned are, as a rule, eaten without spices. Only now and then do some men and women add a little of their cultivated pepper, which is roasted beforehand. Not a single ● [123] tribesman developed a taste for my salt, of which I had brought along several kilograms, assuming that the Indians would be pleased about it, and they had no interest whatsoever in acquiring any of it (400).

[146] 400. The amount of salt required by the body is supplied by the wood ashes with which the tobacco roll (see p.190) is mixed.

171 175 263 This aversion to salt is also found among many other tribes, and in a report as early as the sixteenth century one can read the following remark: "The forest people cannot use any salt, because it makes them ill, for they are not used to it; if they eat it, they

Surara
Pakidai

/84 cont./

272 are kneaded and pulverized in calabashes filled with water. This produces a grayish-brown, greasy juice which, after the fleshy husks have been fished out and thrown away, reminds one of cacao in appearance and flavor and is extremely filling. This drink tasted even better to me when I added a little sugar. [123] [263] The Indians who tasted this, however, were not enthusiastic about the addition, since they like sugar just as little as salt. I was unable to please either children or adults with my bonbons. The fruit of the bacu buriti, curauá, piaçaba, and ubim palms (see p. 166) is made into beverages in the same way, while that of the inaja palm is cooked beforehand. The juice obtained from this tastes quite insipid, to be sure, but likewise has a high food value.

[114] [184] [171] One should also mention that a drink is prepared from the gathered honey by mixing it with water. I never saw it eaten, as has been confirmed for the Waiká (407) and various /85/ other tribes of Guiana (408) (409).

271 184 As the above account shows, the Surára and Pakidái do not lack variety with regard to beverages, so that only in the rarest instances need they resort to plain water, as is the case, according to Zerries' accounts, among the Waiká (410). As among 273 184 the latter (411), however, alcoholic beverages are completely unknown to the Surára and Pakidái too.

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407. Zerries, 1956b, p. 150.

408. Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 55.

409. Richard Schomburgk, 1848, II, p. 169.

410. Zerries, 1958c, p. 177.

411. Zerries, 1958c, p. 177.

Surára
Pakidái

/86 cont./

231 Dogs are never killed; they are allowed to live until they
[262] die of old age. When I asked whether dog meat was ever eaten
in former times, men and women, with horrified faces, answered
in the negative. Yet this custom is supposed to have prevailed
[773] at one time among various tribes of Guiana (414). There do not seem to be any myths about dogs.

● 123 I should also like to mention that during my months-long,
231 extremely friendly stay with the Surára and Pakidái, and in
[114] spite of great efforts, in which the Indians helped me, I never
succeeded in winning the affection of their dogs. It meant a
231 good deal that in time I was tolerated by them. I can agree
[114] perfectly with Friederici when he writes: "The Indian dog has
always hated the white man, and, conversely, the dog of the European, the Indian. The odors given off by the races are so different that even a human nose can usually tell the difference, how much more a dog. If a white man walked through an Indian camp he usually had a whole pack of growling and teeth-baring dogs behind him" (415). But I also found that the opposite was true. The dogs kept at the Indian protection post Ajuricaba on the middle Demini, mongrels of the most diverse breeds, but among them also former Indian dogs, behaved, in their hatred, as though they were mad when Pakidái families came to visit (416).

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414. Alexander von Humboldt, 1860, IV, p. 189.

415. Friederici, 1899, p. 365.

[171] 416. Baldus, on the occasion of his Chaco expedition, also observed that Indian dogs, once they are in the hands of whites, become the bitterest enemies of their former masters (Baldus, 1931, p. 18).

Surára
Pakidái

/88 cont./

276 and Pakidái I was unable to learn anything with reference to this, although there, too, the consumption of tobacco is uncommonly [249] great. They plant plenty of tobacco in all the forest clearings, however, and if it were entirely harvested in the fields where they were living at the time, the men fetch it from other distant *rocas* or in emergencies they obtain it from friendly tribes by barter.

[184] [114] Koch-Grünberg reports that the Xiriána and Waiká hordes visited by him chew the tobacco (430). From his description, however, it is to be seen that actually a sucking of the tobacco is 276 171 114 also involved. The Arekuná on the Roroima probably also did the same thing, although Richard Schomburgk (431) and Appun (432) agree in speaking of "tobacco chewing." It is noteworthy that Koch-Grünberg (433) did not observe this form of tobacco enjoyment among any other tribe in the Roroíma region; for on the occasion of his visits the men smoked the tobacco as cigarettes or in short English pipes which were imported from British Guiana; he never saw women smoke.

● 123 276 If I offered the Surára and Pakidái cigarettes, they first always removed the paper and enjoyed the tobacco in the same way as their cultivated tobacco. Yet they were not very enthuiastic about it, for in their opinion the cigarette tobacco was much too weak. In time, however, men and children became accustomed to smoking (434), but not the women.

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430. Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 311.

431. Richard Schomburgk, 1848, II, p. 239.

432. Appun, 1871, p. 521.

433. Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 57.

434. As a result of this, our supply of cigarettes rapidly dwindled, and my

Surára
Pakidái

/88 cont./

123
276

434. (cont.)
servant Mateus and I were thereafter dependent on the cultivated tobacco of the Indians, which, however, was so strong that we simply could not enjoy it. Mateus, however, had the happy idea of washing the tobacco several times and then he let it dry in the sun. Since we had plenty of cigarette paper with us, we were not obliged to give up our customary enjoyment of cigarettes. We could never have become accustomed to sucking out the tobacco, for every attempt resulted in retching.

276 The narcotic snuff powder, similar to yopo or paricá, is made up of various ingredients, of which I was able to identify, besides the roasted and pulverized paricá seed (Piptadenia peregrina Benth.), the ashes of the burned bark of a wild species of mimosa (Mimosa acacioides?) -- hekuráhihená -- (435), as

[192]
[776]
[787]

435. This, it should be noted, contains the word with which the gigantic animal and plant spirits are called -- hekurá -- with which the men are able to make contact only by means of the snuff powder.

well as a cultivated pepper plant /89/ (Piperacea sp.) -- maxarahá -- (436) (437).

[192]
[184]

436. Zerries found the same combination among the Waiká, and even the names for the pepper plant are almost identical; the Waiká call it "masho hara." The bark of the mimosa, in which Zerries suspects there is an alkaloid, is, however, used only in the dried or roasted state (Zerries, 1956b, p. 154).

[126]

437. Herr Prof. Dr. Klaus Soehring of the

Surára
Pakidái

/89 cont./

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126

437. (cont.)
Pharmakologischen Institut der Universität Hamburg is at present still analyzing the powder that I brought back. The result is to be published later in an article.

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[463]
[415]

Exactly like the arrow poison, this powder is made only by certain men. It is stored in bamboo tubes -- tõra -- (Fig. 28a) which are closed with leaves. Before prayers, on the occasion of big festivals, and before curing the sick, in which several men take part, besides the chief, the powder is poured on a large clay plate left by the Xiriâna. From here it is then packed into the bamboo snuff-tube 60-70 centimeters long, on one end of which is glued by means of tree resin a perforated, longish palm nut (Fig. 28b). At the free end the nut is sharpened to a point so that the man wishing to take snuff can insert it into one nostril. From the other end /Fig. 28 appears here/ of the tube, a friendly fellow-tribesman, with partly bent knees, blows the powder with all of his might into the man's nose (Ill. 44).

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After only a few minutes the snuff-taker falls into an inconceivable state of intoxication, in which he rages, screams, sings, dances, and leaps about (Ills. 45, 46). Since I was obliged, after my adoption into the tribe of the Surára, to submit to this usage also, I am in a position to describe the effect in detail. I should like to point out briefly here that immediately afterwards I developed a splitting headache and felt a strong desire to vomit, exactly like the youths making their first acquaintance with this drug. But shortly after that a strange reaction took place within me, for I felt myself to be a giant among giants. All the human beings near me, as well as dogs and parrots, suddenly seemed to be giants. This effect, which is caused by the alkaloids in the powder, is closely connected with the conceptions of gigantic animal and plant spirits (see pp. 201/201).

Surára
Pakidái

/89 cont./

12. Hygiene

515 Regular bathing, washing of the face and hands, and cleaning
the finger and toe nails are unknown; this is also true for
babies, who are often covered with a veritable crust of dirt. Nor
[147] do they /90/ brush their teeth or ever rinse their mouths. Yet I
was never aware of an unpleasant body odor or bad breath on the
[145] Indians, and until an advanced age their teeth are dazzlingly
white and sound. While hunting or gathering, however, if men
and women are obliged to cross a brook or small river, they
gladly utilize the opportunity to take a refreshing bath, and the
same is true when female members of the tribe fetch water.
A bath is greatly appreciated by children and young people, but
[481] not at all by older persons. Most men can swim quite well and
teach their sons also; women and girls who swim are exceptions.
177 As a result of occasional contacts with the palm-fiber gatherers on
the Rio Aracá or with the personnel of the Indian protection post
515 on the Demini, the Surára and Pakidái have for some time been
acquainted with soap, and various Indians, predominantly children
and young men and women, like to lather themselves when
they take a bath. Several women had even taken to washing
their hammocks now and then with soap. Thus, the cakes of soap
[123] that I carried with me were very much in demand, as were
perfume and hair tonic.

264 Eating is done only with the hands (see p. 184). If the meat was very greasy and the hands are smeared all over with dirt and grease, they are rubbed off somewhat against a post and then run through the hair a few times. The eating bowls and pots, with the remains of the meal, are then put down for the dogs, who at the same time take over the work of cleaning; eating utensils are seldom washed. When they are needed for the next meal, the woman passes them over her hair a few times. If there are still a few crusts of dirt present, she spits on them and rubs them with her hand.

Surára
Pakidái

/*90 cont.*/

514 [264] There is frequent belching during and after eating, and it happens not infrequently that a member of the family breaks wind, often with a loud noise, which, however, is received with happy laughter, without any damage to the appetite. Both sexes also spit a great deal as a result of the tobacco rolls which they have in the mouth almost constantly (see p. 190).

Urination is done in the immediate vicinity of the *maloka* during the day and in the hearth at night. Men and boys always urinate in a squatting position, just like women and girls. For their other needs they all go a bit deeper into the forest clearing during the day, or even to the edge of the forest. When they have finished, they rub the seat back and forth a few times on the ground or against a tree trunk. The mother holds small children, in case she happens to be lying in the hammock, over the edge of it. Then she wipes her hand or lower arm across its seat a few times, or, if necessary, she uses a little stick to clean it. The little heap is covered with ashes or earth and stamped into the ground by the mother. If an adult has more important business to attend to at night, he digs a small hole beside the hammock and subsequently covers it with ashes or earth. Old or sick persons do this during the day as well. [825] [776] The reason that the Surára and Pakidái do not leave the *maloka* at night for the aforementioned purpose is because they are afraid of snakes and jaguars, as well as of *nonexí*, the evil spirit which transmits sickness (see p. 211). Persistent unpleasant odors are not noticeable even in closed *malokas*, however, since they are dispelled by the ascending smoke of the constantly burning fire.

841 During their menstruation the women do not use anything to absorb the blood (see pp. 142/143). Pools of blood that remain on the ground are obliterated by them with their feet.

356 • 123 291 In general, however, the communal house is kept quite clean. One always sees men and women sweeping with a broom made of piaçaba fibers. For this work both sexes liked to put on the shirts and trousers or clothing which I had brought them as gift articles and which were otherwise not at all appreciated.

Surára
Pakidái

/97 cont./

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498. (cont.)
I should like to mention the Kaskihá Indians in the northeastern Chaco, among whom the witch doctor tries to heal the sick in the same way (Baldus, 1931, p. 143).

164 During my nine-months' stay among the Surára and Pakidái the following sicknesses occurred there: grippe, pneumonia, malaria, chicken pox, and a gastric fever; fortunately, none was fatal (499). But the two Surára women who had pneumonia, 000

[165]
[752]

499. Only the Pakidái youth Hokotómarimá died after a fall from a pupunha palm, which probably caused internal injuries (see p. 149).

● 123 But the two Surára women who had Pneumonia,
755 first a young woman, Xunamí, the wife of Kurikayawõ, the
759 younger brother of the chief, and later an older woman, Xanimá,
177 the approximately 47-year-old mother of Anyarawõ (see pp. 123/125), and a boy, Xaniwõ (see p. 127), about 12 years old, would probably not have survived without the penicillin that I had brought along, for, in spite of untiring treatment by the chief and his helpers, their condition grew worse from day to day. In the first instance, the chief, Hewemão, and the husband, Kurikayawõ, finally permitted me to give Xunamí a penicillin injection in the upper arm on two successive days, whereupon she improved dramatically (500). In the second and third cases,

500. This cure increased my reputation tremendously, so that afterward I was properly adopted into the tribe of the Surára and, on the occasion of the great festival in memory of the dead, was also permitted to drink the banana soup mixed with the bone ashes of deceased relatives (see p. 231). If the woman had died after the injection, however, the intervention could have had grave consequences for me.

Surara

/97 cont./

755 the chief even asked me to give the patients "penicilina" after
[757] his healing efforts had again brought no success.

● [123] Of the various cures at which I was allowed to be present,
[177] I should like to describe in detail the following two treatments:

b) Magic cure (rekurã) for Xunamí:

Xunamí, the young, pretty wife of Kurikayawõ, fell ill quite suddenly. She had a high fever, lay apathetically in her hammock, and complained of severe chest pains. Her husband,
[593] who, with touching devotion, remained with her throughout the first day, that is, he sat beside her or lay in his hammock, led
[757] her several times to the nearby small river, in which she always remained for some time and drank copious amounts. She was not permitted to eat anything, but she had no desire to do so. During the night, the fever seemed to climb, for she was quite delirious and unable to sleep soundly. The next day she felt
[757] even worse. Three times in the forenoon and as often in the afternoon her husband took her to the river, but there was no improvement after the baths and the drinking. At noon on the third day the husband, together with two other men, began
[302] the first special cure. First of all, Kurikayawõ and the second participant painted serpentine lines on their faces and bodies with urucú, while the third one rubbed himself all over with soot. Then they all three blew snuff-powder into each other's noses and in a few minutes they were in a state of ecstasy in which they leaped wildly about the sick woman lying in her hammock, shouted loudly, and gesticulated. Then, however, the cure followed very definite directions. The man painted completely black symbolically represented the spirit of sickness -- nonexí -- whom a hostile medicine man had conjured into the body of the sick woman, and the other two men, who now identified themselves with the hekurã (see p. 200), staged a sham battle against him. At first they were armed with large sticks and beat "nonexí" in order to kill him. But he defended himself with all his might. Then he hurled arrows at him, which, however, he threw back. After that the /98/ spirit of sickness stuck a carrying basket on his head, and this suddenly fell off. At once, the other two men

Surára

/100 cont./

755 was much worse, that this time the power of the Waiká medicine
● 123 men was extraordinarily great. I then proposed to him that I
177 should give Xunamí penicillin injections. After lengthy consultations with the husband and other male members of the tribe he consented, though with misgivings, and luck was with the patient as well as with me. From this moment on the name penicilina (Portuguese spelling) became a magic word, for it had helped to cast away the sickness. Hewemão even asked me to bring him a great deal of it on my next visit.

755 c) Magic cure (rekurá) for Xanimá:

Xanimá, the approximately 47-year-old mother of
[164] Anyarawõ (see p. 126), had been ill for five days with chicken pox and had had persistently high fever. At first she, too, was
[759] given the water cures, that is, she constantly had to take baths in the river and drink a great deal of water; as her weakness increased, she remained lying in her hammock and was doused with cold water. After that there were sham battles between two "hekurá" and the bad, black-colored spirit of sickness, "nonexí."

When there was no improvement, Chief Hewemão and eight helpers again arranged a large, nocturnal rekurá, but this time a somewhat different one, because, of course, a different
[302] sickness was involved (502). At first the men, eight with red serpentine lines painted on their faces and bodies and one colored black, in the light of the hearth, again formed a circle around the large clay plate standing in the middle, on which snuff-
[296] powder had been poured. They filled their snuff tubes with generous amounts of it and blew it into each other's noses, whereupon, after a few minutes, the state of ecstasy set in. The men hopped around their own axis several times, and, after a hissing sound on the part of the chief and with prolonged shrill

502. As has been mentioned above (see p. 212), every sickness has very definite texts, melodies, and dance steps.

Surára
Pakidai

/102 cont./

755 I was allowed to take part as a spectator in all the cures,
● (123) and each rekurá was a new, great experience for me. I was
755 amazed at the devotion, passion, and fervor with which the
756 chief and his helpers interceded with all their physical and
622 psychic powers to ward off the sicknesses of their fellow-tribesmen (504). This explains why the Surára and Pakidái have such boundless confidence in their chiefs and are absolutely convinced of their magic powers. It is doubtless due to this unshakable faith that so many of the sick can be cured (505).

[123] 504. The same care was bestowed upon me, the stranger. If I had an attack of malaria, the chief and his helpers likewise danced around me, and they sang in chorus while Hewemão stroked my body, massaged it, and sucked at it. He was of the opinion that the Waiká had poisoned my blood because I lived in friendship with the Surára and had brought them so many beautiful gifts.

[431) 505. I never saw the chiefs demand a fee for their cures. The members of the tribe show their appreciation, however, by continuously offering their chiefs larger or smaller gifts (see p. 130).

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114 In this context I should like to cite the following very revealing description by Herbert Baldus: "The witch doctors were simply called imposters by early travelers, and even today all whites who are incapable of understanding the mentality of the Indian are of the same opinion. One forgets that, as a result of the suggestibility of the primitive, the magic practices not only essentially help the sick person and rid his relatives of their fears, but also weave such a spell around the practitioner himself that it is impossible to decide to what extent he is acting in good

Surára
Pakidái

769 535 [533] /103 cont./ Then they sat down in a circle and started singing a song in chorus. Soon afterwards five warriors, holding arrows in both hands, arose and danced around the singers. Now and then they made huge leaps and shouted in a high, shrill voice. All this was enacted on a cool, cloudy, full-moon night, but the numerous hearths added some light. All the women and girls, as well as my servant Mateus and I, lay in the hammocks and watched the unique spectacle. Toward 1:00 in the morning the male participants in the festival arose and now danced, again one behind the other, around the outer circle of the maloka courtyard. They were arranged in such a way that a man with two arrows was always followed by one who held his hands crossed behind his head.

[622] ● [123] Suddenly Chief Hewemão, who was sleeping in his hammock next to me, was tapped lightly by a warrior with an arrow. He got up at once, removed shirt and trousers (he had been given the two articles of clothing by me as gifts), took a bow without a bowstring in his hand, had snuff-powder blown into his nose, and mixed with the dancers, who, however, immediately after his entrance formed the following new formation: Ten men arranged themselves in rhombus form at the head of the dance procession, one at the very front, two behind to one side, and two more behind and to one side of these; two stood directly opposite the latter, then followed two who stood somewhat inward and finally one who was in the middle behind these (Fig. 29). The first five warriors, who had blackened themselves with soot, symbolized the nonexí (evil spirits or spirits of sickness, see p. 211) and were obliged to dance backwards. The five dancers following them embodied hekurá (gigantic animal and plant spirits who /104/ /Fig. 29 appears here/ Pakidái; see pp. 199, 214 ff.). Between these two groups of five, the participants of which each held two arrows in their hands, a sham battle was being carried out during the dance (see also pp. 214 ff.). Each of the men of the first group danced two steps back and one forward, and those of the second, two steps forward and one back. In between, wild leaps and turns were executed, the men threatened each other with the arrows and screamed in the highest key. The "nonexí" were constantly in

Surára
Pakidái

/106 cont./

769 On the next day, April 6, 1956, the festival reached its
266 climax. Toward 9:00 the Surára chief, his brother Kurikayawõ,
and the chief and war chief of the Pakidái sat down around the
pots of banana soup, in front of which also stood the two jamaru
vessels with the bone ashes of the deceased, and all the other
[533] male members of the tribe sat around them. The Surára chief
started to pray loudly, whereupon a rather long choral song
was struck up. Then he poured the bone ashes into all the soup
pots, mixed them thoroughly with his hands, and scooped out
a calabash full for himself, which he emptied hastily and to
the last drop. Thereupon the Pakidái chief, the brother of
Hewemão, and the war chiefs of both tribes drank, followed by
all the older and younger men, including the larger boys, who
drank last (514). As a result of this ceremonial drinking of the
bone ashes, it is believed, the strength and spirit of the de-
769 ceased will remain within the tribe and contribute to its vigor.

[533] Following this drink, a prayer of thanksgiving was sung.
[782] Then the men, youths, and boys together ate large quantities
/107/ of the roasted tapir meat, as well as manioc flat-cakes,
[262] and after that the women handed them calabashes full of the
refreshing drink made of pupunha fruits.

Invigorated and fortified with the powers of the deceased,
the men were now able to proceed with the most strenuous part
[302] of the festival. But before this began, half of them blackened
their faces and bodies with soot, which they scraped off of their
769 cooking pots. Meanwhile others had again set in the center of
276 the maloka circle the large clay plate upon which they poured
the brownish snuff-powder -- epená --, out of bamboo con-
tainers, and in front of the plate they laid a large number of

[123] 514. Hewemão also offered my servant and me a full calabash each, along with the war chiefs. When we had drunk them, he slapped our backs appreciatively and said that we were now true Sarára.

Surára
Pakidái

/115 cont./

X. Character and Way of Thinking

157 [177] In spite of insignificant contacts with the caboclos (rubber and palm-fiber gatherers, planters, and the personnel of the Indian protection post Ajuricaba on the middle Demini), the Surára and Pakidái have preserved throughout the character of unspoiled primitive peoples who have not yet been alienated from such traditional Indian virtues as hospitality, moderation, ● 123 157 and honesty. I discovered this even on the occasion of my first contact with them. When I, together with my servant Mateus, met nine Surára warriors on the Cachoeira dos Índios on the upper Rio Aracá, they gazed in wonder at our boat, the outboard motor, and the numerous gifts and trade articles in the form of knives, axes, pots, glass beads, etc., but they did not touch anything. They were also immediately willing to take us to their maloka, about 70 kilometers away, and carried the trunks, boxes and bags weighing 50-60 kilograms (555) (556), which, to their minds, contained tremendous treasures. During the strenuous three-day march, a definite feeling of harmony prevailed; there was constant laughing and jesting. When the Indians heard that Mateus called me "doutor" /doctor/, they burst into particularly hearty laughter and told us that totorí (jabuti /land turtle/) was a fitting name for me. The name remained with me until my departure and was brilliantly appropriate for me, for, in comparison with the free Forest Indians, anyone from civilization presents a very clumsy picture in the forest regions.

These nine warriors could easily have murdered us and departed alone with the gifts and trade articles. But not for a moment was I aware of any danger, for there could not have been more gracious or thoughtful companions. How great their honesty was I should like to document with the following example: During the march on the impassable Indian paths in the eternal

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555. Becher, 1957a, p. 115.

556. Becher, 1958, p. 153.

Surára
Pakidái

/115 cont./

● 123 157 twilight of the forest, a packet of cigarettes fell out of my trousers pocket. Who can describe my astonishment when in the evening at a halting place an Indian brought back to me the packet with the contents intact. Naturally, I gave the honest finder the cigarettes and a knife in addition.

Similarly, during my months-long stay with the two tribes I always had all the trunks, boxes, and bags standing open, and yet nothing was ever stolen from me. Even the barter of ethnographic objects always took place, usually under the supervision of the chiefs, in perfect peace and tranquility. When I presented knives, pots, glass beads, and other objects to men, women, or children, /116/ they always took them with impassive faces, [192] but without expressing gratitude. There is no word for "thanks" in their language, any more than there is in the other Indian languages. In their shining eyes, however, I could read that they were pleased.

152 157 Before the departure of a member of the family there are never any sentimental scenes between relatives, let alone endearments, and even at the return one can see aroused emotion only in the shining eyes.

123 In the presence of strangers, women and girls in particular are at first timid and grave, but when one has gained their confidence, they are gay and unrestrained. I very quickly gained the affection of the children and with it also that of their parents and the other adults. One's behavior, of course, plays an important part in relations with the Indians. If one approaches the Surára and Pakidái in a friendly and courteous manner, one can accomplish anything with them. On the other hand, if one expressed himself disapprovingly with regard to their customs and habits, scolded them, or beat a child, he would be inviting their antagonism. Thus, a visit to the malokas of these Indians is not to be recommended to nervous people, for one does not find any rest throughout the entire day, and it is often lacking at night as well. There were always men, women, and children standing or sitting around me. In the beginning, they tirelessly pronounced the words of their language for me, but they never laughed at me if I repeated them with the wrong accent. At first they even

Surára
Pakidái

/116 cont./

123 touched me all over my body, and they examined my spectacles with particular interest (557) and were very astonished at my blond hair and blue eyes. When I shaved, I was likewise surrounded by a circle of spectators (558). Even when I had to relieve myself, I was asked where I was going, and often I was joined by companions.

191 When the Surára and Pakidái see something new for the
first time or if they like an object particularly well, they
521 manifest their approval by loud clickings. They love conversation above all else, and even at night they go on talking for
[576] hours. They never interrupt each other, however.

593 Though the man is the head of the family, the wife is
692 regarded as his partner with equal rights, without whose advice
he does not undertake anything important. If he has two or
595 more wives, the youngest usually leads a princess's existence,
for which even the older ones must contribute. Mistreatment
593 of women occurs only on account of adultery and for reasons of
jealousy. But if a man beats his wife or draws blood on her
body with the little cutia-tooth knife, several companions of
her own sex immediately hasten to her aid. They try to pin
down the arms of the angry man, and one woman will attempt
to seize his scrotum and squeeze it with all her might, so that

557. The Surára chief was so enthusiastic about my spectacles that he asked me to be sure to bring him a pair on my next visit.

558. Similar experiences were had by Chaffanjon among the Kunuaná (Chaffanjon, 1889, pp. 267/68), Koch-Grünberg among the Taulipang and Makuxí /Macusi/ (Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 360), and Baldus among the Tapirapé (Baldus, 1956b, p. 606).

Surára,
Pakidái

/117 cont./

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[171]

> 559. (cont.)
> no longer able to work for the family is regarded like a banana tree that has already produced the fruit, and no one pities them.../" (P. Giacone, 1949, p. 25).

no longer able to take part in the general migrations, however, they were killed, in accordance with the tribal custom (see pp. 153/154).

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[157] The friendly, open nature of all Surára and Pakidái is coupled with a very strongly marked self-assurance. Along with their allies, above all the mighty Xiriána, they feel like rulers of the world, which, in their opinion, consists only of virgin forest, mountains, rivers, and lakes. The caboclos (planters, rubber and palm-fiber gatherers), the only members of civilization whom they know, are therefore always treated with a certain compassionate condescension by them, for they are of the opinion that all civilized persons, whites, blacks, and mixed, are weak and powerless and owe their lives solely to the benevolent forbearance of the Indians (560). When I told them about cities 000

[171]

> 560. Baldus found similar conceptions among tribes of the northeastern Chaco (Baldus, 1931, p. 114), as did Métraux among the Kayapó /Cayapo/. (Herr Prof. Métraux told me this during the meeting of the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Völkerkunde in Berlin, 1957.)

● 123 when I Told Them about Cities
829 in which many white and black people live, of the sea and the big ships sailing on it, they could not grasp this at first and then became very thoughtful. Later, at my departure, they urged me not to travel too far out on the ocean so that I would not fall off the earth-disk (see p. 197).

Surára
Pakidái

/117 cont./

XI. Reasoning Abilities

153 Among the Surára and Pakidái the memory is especially keen, both with respect to the myths and songs, religion, and tribal history, as well as with respect to the flora and fauna ooo and the peculiarities of a landscape (561). Their imitative

[114] 561. In this connection I should like to refer to a remark by Baldus: "By and large as far as the Indian's memory is concerned, he retains only what is useful on the phenominal level accessible to him. He will note each peculiarity of a landscape which he crosses, for that is necessary in order to find the way again and to be able to describe it to his companions. The much lauded 'sense of orientation' of the Indian is nothing but memory" (Baldus, 1931, p. 118).

● 123 Their imitative
153 talent is also noteworthy. For example, upon my arrival, writing and drawing seemed new and mysterious to the Indians. When I handed them my fountain pen and pencils and asked them to draw something, neither the children nor men and women managed to produce anything but the customary serpentine lines, circles, and dots which they otherwise draw with urucú on their bodies, faces, and utilitarian objects. But as soon as I drew trees, houses, and animals for them, they were able to copy these figures after a few attempts. They proved indefatigable in this, and once they had started, they did not want to stop at all. Nor was it long before they /118/ were able to copy letters and finally entire words (562) (563).

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171 562. Baldus reports the same thing about the Indian tribes in the northeastern Chaco: "Once one has taught the Indians

Surára
Pakidái

/118 cont./

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752 564. (cont.)
Manoel Antonio Gómez, who succeeded in saving his life. The chief was said to have been very angry at first over the arbitrary action of the grandmother, but then, when he saw that the little one had recovered, he calmed down.

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[177] Most men, after but a short time, had no difficulty handling our two guns; a few were soon even operating the outboard motor, and the Surára chief Hewemão, who showed great interest in my camera, took very acceptable pictures with it.
153 The reasoning power seems to be somewhat more strongly developed among the men than among the women (565).

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[191] 565. This conclusion agrees with an observation by Baldus among the Tumerehã, and the scholar adds a remark which could also be applied to the Surára and Pakidái: "The differences in the talents of the sexes are perhaps the result of their way of life and division of labor. Thus, among the Tumerehã, the man's way of acquiring food has probably developed his acuteness, for he does not merely gather fruits, like the woman, but also goes hunting..." (Baldus, 1931, p. 119).

802 /119/

XII. Counting and Conception of Time

The Surára and Pakidái count only to three:

1 -- mahón

2 -- porokabõ

3 -- prukatabõ.

/213 cont./

793 For reasons of a religious nature, which we shall explain
624 later on, the priest (who may be the chief in many cases) may
[622] not participate actively in a war; in these cases the one in
command is the "war chief," who in peacetime is one among
many in the society, but automatically assumes his power during the dangers of hostilities.

554 There is one man whom all fear. He is the "guapo" /the
daring one/. We do not understand his function in the society, but his actions are violent and sanction-passive /pasivas de sanción/ in extreme cases.

554 During the first few days of our visit, he gave us the im-
● 123 pression of being truly crazy, but we later came to realize that,
although mentally /214/ sane, his effrontery is carried to extremes. By way of greeting he aimed an arrow at our throats,
danced like a person possessed, and for a whole day he amused
himself by walking around us in circles with his arrow constantly
[276] aimed and ready to shoot. From noon on he was under the intoxicating influence of "yopo" and his conduct was applauded by
some and censured by the others. The chief, with whom we spent
most of the day, paid no attention to what was being done to us
and was very little concerned.

554 There was also a guapo in the Erebato group, and one of our
775 informants explained to us that those "people" are predestined to
live together with certain species of animal underground after
[841] their death. There they will remain alone in the company of
those women who concealed their menstruation and were, as a
[126] result, swallowed up by the earth. A boy of Canaracuni made
[532] for us a drawing of Omao above the path of the sun and of the
moon and of the earth. Under the earth he painted a man sitting
on a rock and surrounded by animals; he was the guapo.[1]

554 From the information we have in our notes we deduce the
possibility that these are not isolated cases, but that the guapo may represent a social type who fills an institutional position with its own fixed duties and functions. A guapo of Erebato was not allowed to participate in the ceremony of gathering the bones of his father, because upon the death of his progenitor he had killed a child and they were afraid that grief might again cause

[1] [see p. 71-An.]

/225 cont./ The Sanemá say that the
793 hɛwĩawãn kills vultures and sparrow hawks on his travels (Becher,
825 1960, p. 96). As we have already explained in another section
of this chapter, the Sanemá believe that the eagle and other
birds of prey are "men" who can be killed only if they belong to
an enemy tribe.

793 The hikuladɛ offers the priest the possibility of flying to the
778 house of Omao. In order that I might understand him better and
[776] not doubt his veracity, the native making the drawing fixed a
[126] propeller to the mysterious sphere. One might say that the
[775] hɛwĩawãn is carrying the soul of a dead person to the house of
Omao.

756 The second religious practitioner of the Sanemá is a shaman,
who is called sablɨ. The supernatural world over which he has
power is different from the world of the priest, and therefore his
function is different from that of the former.

[533] In order to become a shaman, the candidate must submit
to a very rigorous training under the guidance of an old sablɨ who
knows how to sing the "Great Kɛɛ."

756 /226/ During the period of apprenticeship, which lasts
276 several weeks, the candidate takes yopo continually through a
262 tube or simply with the hand, eats very little and only the food
515 prescribed; he does not bathe and almost does not speak. Among
● 123 the Waica of the Upper Orinoco I saw a group of these candidates
who gave me a depressing impression since they showed prolonged
suffering as a result of the consumption of the drug. We were not
able to speak with them, and we were not allowed to take blood
samples from them as we did with the other members of the
rancheria.

756 It seems that all the men are potentially sablɨes, but
533 among them there are some who are very strong and others who
774 are weak, and only the strongest ones are able to sing the "kɛɛ"
well. This song is rendered by the sablɨ at the end of his period
of instruction, when the candidates are prepared and ready to receive the hɨkulas, or "specific vital principles" of the species of
flora and fauna, with the exception of fish. As soon as they hear
the call of their master, they obey and go toward his locality,
where they find the sablɨ candidate waiting for them to enter his

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[For information on the author's personal experiences in the field and his relationship with the various Yanoama Indian groups with whom he came in contact, see category 116, pp. 25-26, 41-45, 52-54, 58-66, 71-81, 84-116, 119-120, 123-152, 185-189 and 197-220.]

/480 cont./
755 time their croonings and threats directed at the harmful spirit. From time to time they pick up some object which they take with them. Sometimes they finish by inspecting the whole circle of houses, but more frequently the one who heads the "hunt for the spirit" points with his finger at some object, which one of them picks up, the whole group suddenly rushing toward the hut where the sick person is.

755 787 /481/ Frequently one of those who participate in the "hunt for the spirit" falls into a paroxysm, which he generally ends with a tremendous leap into the air, to fall unconscious on the ground. The women immediately bring water and after a while manage to revive him.

On one occasion a man who was crooning before a sick child suddenly lost his mind and began to say strange things. It seemed as though a strange power had seized him, to the point where it was necessary for six men to hold him so that the women could throw water on him to bring him out of his spell.

754 They also believe that a man can "send" a sickness or misfortune to another. Frequently the majority of the croonings which they intone in the evenings when they have taken "yopo" are designed to "send" calamities to their enemies.

754 752 •123 On a certain occasion, when all were camped about two hours of travel from the settlement, a girl was bitten by a poisonous snake. Her father came to get me to treat her. He told me that he was very angry, and he asked me if it were I who had sent the snake. He was very pleased when I assured him that I had not sent it.

754 They believe that a person can cause an enemy great harm, sickness, and even death, by gathering up "the track" of the enemy and rubbing it between the palms of the hands. For this reason the Guaika /Waica/ do not like to walk in front of somebody who is not in all certainty his friend, especially over soft earth.

The Guaika prepare certain powders which, when they are thrown in the air or blown in the direction of an enemy, can cause him annoyances or harm, according to what they believe, although the said enemy might be many miles away in another settlement.

/488/

844 [123] James Barker (author of the essay) and I (Killam) were invited to witness the birth of a child. Our house was about 200 meters away from the Guaika settlement. We were able to hear the moans of the woman in confinement. When we arrived at the settlement, the father-in-law of the Indian woman was performing a stimulating dance in front of the dwelling which he shared with his son and his daughter-in-law.

At a short distance behind the house, in a clearing made in the woods and away from the path, there were several women, including the woman in confinement. We were taken along a path near to the place where the women were. There were several other persons observing the event along with us: a couple
[123] of men and some children. They seemed to be only slightly interested, the children trying to make us go away from there in order to play with them.

The woman in confinement was walking incessantly from one side to the other, complaining about her pains, until she finally settled down on the ground among some weeds. We waited for some 15 minutes. Then, after having heard the cry of the infant, one of the women assisting called us. The child, a little girl, had just been born. The mother received us with a smile. She had squatted down, holding the baby upright in her lap. Two of the women proceeded to cut the umbilical cord, using a piece of cane, and then they stuffed it with some green leaves.

The mother gathered up the afterbirth with her hands, wrapping it in green leaves which a girl brought her. Another person later took it away. Then the mother rubbed mud and
[825] humus over the place where the afterbirth had been. They said that this is done for protection against wild animals.

Meanwhile, someone brought water in a gourd. The mother took a mouthful, which she then squirted gently over her little creature, bathing it with the water warmed in her mouth.

After the little girl had been bathed, they placed her on green, clean leaves, covering her with a few branches. Several of the women walked back and forth above her several /489/ times.

/489 cont./

844 123 They also invited us to do this, but, not knowing the meaning of the practice, we declined to do so.

846 After this, the mother took the little creature and went off to her house. There she rested for two or three days before resuming her work in the "conuco."

844 Later, another child was born at night. We were not there, but we were informed that it had been born in the house, to which green leaves were brought for the birth.

Puberty

881 To reach puberty is an important event, especially for the girls. It is considered that the girl has reached puberty at her first menstruation. Her mother, older sister, or another woman who might be her guardian gathers leaves and builds a wall around her hammock to isolate her from everything. For approximately one week, the girl never leaves this area. Her mother brings her food, water, firewood, and any other things which might be needed.

At the end of this retirement, the girl comes out, adorned with flowers, leaves, cotton belts, strings of beads, and feathers.

Maturity

885 622 A man is considered mature when he has marriageable children. The head of a settlement is frequently a grandfather, but sometimes the settlement may be governed by a somewhat younger man.

Old Age

888 Retirement from active life is somewhat gradual, depending upon the strength of the individual.

Old persons are respected, but they are no longer leaders in the affairs of the settlement. They are cared for even when they are no longer capable of contributing to their own support. /Plates I-V follow./

● 123 /154 cont./

721 At this moment Dave London and I were taking a /155/ bath in a stream about 100 meters from the aldea. We heard a lot of shouting and crying. A few minutes later a couple of men from Majecototjeti came toward us, saying, "Come look, raiders," while they pointed toward the aldea. These men did not go on, carrying only a bunch of plantains and their weapons.

We dressed rapidly and went to the aldea. Most of the [752] men had gone off in pursuit of the raiders. The women were pouring [755] water on the wound, while the sorcerer sang over it. Soon all of the reserve water of the aldea was used up. They asked us if we could help them. We called Ed Killiam, who brought his snakebite kit and sucked out the wound with it, until we did not dare do any more for fear of his losing too much blood, since he was bleeding freely. We also prayed.

The boy almost stopped breathing, but after an hour and a half he began to come around. Soon after this he got up and went to his house; the paralyzing effect of the curare on the 726 lungs had passed. The pursuit of the raiders continued all night and across the uppermost part of the Manaviche River. In some way the chief and "Yelequei-jũu" managed to pass some of the raiders. Two boys came back, hungry and looking for wild fruits. They found some wild cacao and stopped to eat it. At this moment the chief wounded "Dujuue" in the abdomen with a wide arrow-point of bamboo. His companion wounded the other young man in the arm.

726 763 183 (If you asked a Yanomama what he would do if he were wounded and knew that he was going to die, he would strike a pose which is supposed to represent bravery, and he would also state the brave words which he would say.)

But "Dujuue" did not do this. Knowing that he was going to die, he sat down, calling for his mother. The Shibaatſa-tejeti later recovered his decomposed body and took it to the aldea to [764] burn it. The other wounded young man recovered. The Majecototjeti told them that both had died, until /156/ visitors from Boletjaotjeti came and told them that the other young man had recovered.

/156 cont./

721 In December of 1953 the Shibaatía-tjeti came back to make
●123 another raid, accompanied by the Comishibueitjeti. But the
Majecototjeti had camped outside, on the other side of the river.
Some of the Shibaatía-tjeti approached us carrying an arrow,
but leaving their bows in the woods with the other men. They
explained that they were friendly visitors and asked where the
Majecototjeti were, because they were supposed to visit them.
[302] But their black war-paint showed that they had come on a raid.
[594] (Visitors are painted with red or mulberry color, but not black.)
[822] When they saw that they were not going to get us to tell them
where the people were, they asked us to give them matches and
[412] fishhooks. They gave us in exchange some knives made of tooth.
After this things calmed down, but from this time on the people
[361] of Majecototjeti have lived inside their palisades when they were
near their main farm.

166 The people of Majecototjeti started a new farm called
361 "Joitja-tjeca" to the south of the Orinoco, where they could
721 live without palisades and feel safe from raids by the Shibaatía-
tjeti. The Majecototjeti did not plan any retaliatory raid, because they said, "None of our men have been killed."

727
In September of 1954 I had camped with the Majecototjeti at
361 their new farm to the south of the Orinoco River. Everybody was
[114] calmer there, and they seemed to feel freer than at any time
since the first raid by the Shibaatía-tjeti had put them on the
alert almost a year before.

222 Anyone who wished to do so could go out and gather fruit,
[226] fish, or hunt crabs, even in small groups. The boys were having
[411] fun shooting at the fish in the many streams with their little arrows
of split palm shoots and bows made of a curved stick and a piece
[857] of twisted bark. It was the season of the moriche fruit, and the
/157/ women went out almost every day and came back carrying
726 baskets full of this fruit. One afternoon about 1:00 P.M. some
came to the aldea and said that a great number of tracks had been
seen not far from the aldea. A group of men went out to investigate.

/157 cont./

726 But when they returned, none seemed overly alarmed. The
628 men commented that it had probably been the Batanoatjeti or
Bisheasetjeti on the way to make a raid on the other aldea, since
they were the most bitter enemies and we were camped between
them.

(The Majecototjeti were more or less friends of both aldeas at this time.)

726 But about three hours later some came saying that they had found the bow of "Valooboue" and the basket of one of the women lying near the tracks in disorderly fashion. The group had been attacked. Then the men prepared their bows and went out in every direction. There was a discussion concerning who had gone out with one of those already mentioned. "Etemi" (the wife of "Botai"), three of the wives of "Olami-Juu," an old man (the father of the three wives), and "Valooboue" had gone out together to gather moriche fruit. Two other women who had gone out with this group, but who had separated from them and gone back upstream, had already returned to the encampment. They said that they had heard an argument or a shout in the early part of the afternoon, but, not having heard anything else, had thought little of it.

A group of men went out to try to follow the tracks, but
the tracks seemed to disappear or turn back on themselves. It
was not clear what route the raiders had taken. Probably they
had divided up to join forces and reassemble at some point.
Finally, it was decided that they had gone back, toward the river,
in the same direction that the tracks came from. Toward night-
[123] fall the men went to cross the Orinoco River and asked our men
as well, who still lived on the north bank of the Orinoco, to look
for more tracks at the wharf (only I accompanied them on the trip
south of the Orinoco on this occasion).

That night the people who stayed in the camp speculated considerably concerning who the raiders might have been /158/ and how things had happened. Some said that it might be that David London had carried the Shibaatía-tjeti across the river in his boat. "Oh, that David," they said. Others were of the opinion that David would not have done such a thing.

/158 cont./

726 That night some of our missionaries were camped outside in a
114 casa abierta /"open house"/. Suddenly they were awakened by
a group of Yanomama men, who were standing and looking at
our missionaries, without saying anything. They all were painted
[302] black, as though to make it impossible to recognize them by
the light of the evening, or in the lesser light of the night.
Finally the silence was broken, and the men of Majecototjeti
told them that they were looking for the raiders who had killed
the man and the boy and had carried off the four women. Our
people had seen nothing of the raiders and were enormously surprised at the news.

726 The following morning the men went to the place of the attack and brought the arrows which were there. They did not bring back the complete arrows, but only the ends with the feathers. The arrows were not cut, but burned in two. The poisoned points were brought also. The men carefully examined the arrows and tried to make out from what aldea the raiders had come. The arrows looked like those of the Liacoatjeti, but they had seen a machete in that place, and who could imagine a Liacoatjeti leaving a machete, even in a moment of danger.

There was also a rumor that a bark canoe had been found some distance down the river. Probably the Shibaatśa-tjeti had crossed the river in this canoe. (This rumor later turned out to be false.)

A search was carried out in a large circle in every direction to try to find out what direction the raiders had taken. Finally the track was found, and the Liacoatjeti were then recognized as the raiders, and they had come from the south. Their path had been made so as to cover the tracks, leaving the formation one by one and reassembling farther on.

721 The Majecototjeti planned, in turn, a raid of /159/ revenge. First a banquet was held with tapir meat and cassava to eat with the meat. A day or so later the men marched off on a raid of revenge against the Liacoatjeti. The Majecototjeti had gone off two weeks before, but had not found the Liacoatjeti in their houses.

727 "Jolocoiue," a boy with a broken leg who had stayed with
[123] us, asked us to pray to God to send "Etemi" (one of the abducted
women) home Safe and Sound.

/160 cont./

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into the aldea of Platanal and shot at one of the men. His shot wounded "Lublo-juu" in the thigh. Nevertheless, since he recovered, there was no gathering for a raid. The men of the Frobenius expedition treated his leg and prevented complications, since the wound was quite deep.

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At the beginning of February 1955 the Macolimutjeti and the Bisheasetjeti were invited to a Pijiguao or palm (Peach) festival among the Majecototjeti. The Macolimutjeti all came, men, women, and children. But the Bisheasetjeti were somewhat afraid. The Majecototjeti had been somewhat friendly with the Batanoatjeti, bitter enemies of the Bisheasetjeti, and the Bisheasetjeti feared a trick. (Years before, in 1951, they had been tricked by the Liacoatitjeti.) But so as not to show their bad faith, the men came (or at least a few of them), but none of the women, in order thus to reduce the "desirability" of a trick to steal them.

726
In March of 1955 the men of Platanal had gone for a new attempt at a raid, leaving the rest of the people in the principal aldea, located to the north of the Orinoco. One day, when /illustration appears here/ /161/ all of them except the lame boy were out of the aldea, the Shibaatfa-tjeti returned. They found "Joashimocaoue," who was returning from the farm at the head of the others who had gone to take advantage of the Pijiguao, or palm festival. The raiders shot him twice in the back, since he ran toward the refuge of the aldea. He was wounded by one bamboo point, not deeply, and by one point poisoned with curare, which caused a rather deep wound. In the aldea he told the lame boy to hide himself from the raiders who had killed him, and then, finding no help in the aldea, he ran to our house, about 200 to 300 meters away.
[123]

/161 cont. /

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Some women had passed by our house on their way to the aldea. Upon hearing his cries, they turned around and ran towards our house; terrified, they came in and closed the door. Then they told us that a raid was taking place and to go to see if we could help. At first we thought that it would be better to stay in the house also, but then we heard a cry for help not far from our house. Upon hearing this, we opened the door. I went out and found a wounded man who had managed to get to about 20 meters from our house, but could come no farther.

He said, "Please, take out the poisoned arrow." I picked him up and brought him into our house.

I had heard that salt is good against the poison of the curare, but I had no idea of how to administer the salt. Since he was still conscious, I told David to try to take out the arrowhead while I had him drink all the salt water and try to keep it down before he became unconscious. It must have tasted terrible to him, since the Yanomama usually do not eat salt, but he was so desperate that he consented. He was unconscious before David managed to remove the arrowhead, so I gave him artificial respiration, while David finished extracting the arrowhead, because he had stopped breathing. We were never able to find the tip of the point. In spite of this, we put salt in the wound, hoping that it would help somewhat, since he was now unconscious and we did not know with certainty how to administer the salt.

/162/ David went to the aldea to see if anything had happened there to the lame boy or to anyone. I continued with the artificial respiration while he was gone. When David returned, about 20 minutes had passed, and from then on we took turns for almost two hours. His pulse remained good during the whole time. A little before two hours were up, he recovered consciousness and began to talk. He was soon breathing by himself, and we did not continue the treatment, because it hurt him. We stopped and found that he was breathing regularly enough by himself.

During all of this time the women were there looking on (one of them was a believer) and David and I were praying.

/162 cont./

726 123 Then the inhabitants of the *aldea* began to come back from the forest. Seeing him lying motionless in a puddle of blood, each group that came supposed that he was dead, and they were mourning greatly for a few minutes, lamenting him, before those who knew what had happened were able to quiet them. Finally, one of the older men with sufficient presence of mind said that he wanted to take him to the *aldea*, if this were possible.

First the man tried to walk on his own feet to the *aldea*, but "Joashimocaoue" was very weak and in much pain, and he could not do this at all. Therefore a hammock was sent for. They tied this to a post before rolling up the wounded man in it; two men carried him to the *aldea*. That night he again became unconscious. Two women came and told us, "We are weeping again." I recommended to David that he stay and pray while I sent to see what could be done.

Upon arriving in the *aldea*, I found him unconscious in his hammock. They wanted me to put some medicine on his wounds, but there he was, unconscious. I said, "Let us pray first." Almost all of the believers who were there, and even those who had never professed to be believers, prayed with me for him. I prayed first and then they all repeated it together, asking God to spare his life. I had never seen a gathering of Yonomama praying so fervently before or since then. I do not know exactly how long we were praying, but it must have been about an hour.

/163/ When all had finished praying, we looked over and there he was, conscious again. He sat up and asked me if they had treated his wounds. I put sulfa powder on them and bandaged them. After this he did not lose consciousness again, and although his wounds were very painful, he went along well without any complications arising, although the tip of the poisoned point must still have been stuck in some part of his back.

721 The men of Majecototjeti returned from their raid on the Liacoatjeti without finding anyone in their houses.

123 75 [609] A little before this an old woman from Shibaatsa-tjeti visited some of her Majecototjeti relatives and told them how in her *aldea* they did not like foreigners, because they were always curing people. When someone in the *aldea* was wounded, they

123 75 /163 cont./ wanted that person to die. I assured them that we alone had not cured the boy. The whole *aldea* had asked God to cure him, and God had answered. The people of the *aldea* affirmed that this was the case. They had prayed sufficiently, and God had spared his life.

726 The chief's brother came to Yabitjaotjeti and told the chief that the Liacoatjeti had been visiting upriver and that now they were on their way to their homes in their own *aldea*.

[622] The chief called a meeting for another raid. First the whole *aldea* moved across the river in order to get away from the bank that was easy for the Shibaatía-tjeti to attack. David and I picked up our hammocks and went with them across the river. On the following day the men set off on the raid, or, more properly, they went down to the Bisheasetjeti to depart from there. Only the adult men went; the boys and children 17 years old or less remained at home.

727 This time David and I were able to pray that they might not fight. We asked, rather, that the Lord might protect the believers from danger. He did it. The raiders /164/ were gone about three weeks. When they returned, the chief came to the *aldea* and had an official colloquy, briefly, with the most important man who was left in the *aldea*. At most the chanted colloquy lasted about half a minute. Then they all began to cry. Someone had been killed. We looked to see who had come back and, if possible, to see who was missing. Some of the men had red marks on their cheeks and on the forehead as a sign that they had killed someone or had "*hecho*" /done, finished/ much in the fight, for they did not know whether they had killed anyone or not. [302]

I later learned that three of the enemy had been killed, and that one of those of the party, a man from Macolimutjeti, had been wounded in the chest and had died.

727 783 The underbrush had been cleared away at the site of our temporary *aldea*, which thus would not serve for the *matadores* /killers/ to fulfill the rites of a *matador* as they should be done in thick underbrush. Therefore within an hour we moved to a

/165 cont./

721 In April of 1955 I found that the Bisheasetjeti had taken a girl from Vitocaiyetjeti, contrary to the desires of her *aldea*. Not long after this the Vitocaiyetjeti made a raid on the Bisheasetjeti to recapture the girl. The raiders managed to go up the river as far as the Mavaca River, with one of the "*Ceder*" outfits which was working in the Yanomama territory. In the battle which followed there were a few banged heads and an abundance of broken arms, but nobody was killed. Nor did they manage to get the girl back. Now the two *aldeas* are threatening to shoot at each other.

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628 The Vitacoiyetjeti, expecting to get help, told the Yoeitjeti that the Bisheasetjeti were also angry at them and were planning raids against them as well. They /166/ also told the Macolimutjeti that the Yoeitjeti were angry with the Bisheasetjeti, and, of course, the news reached the Bisheasetjeti.

628 On a trip of mine up the river I would stop in Bisheasetjeti.
123 The chief asked me to find out from the Bisheasetjeti whether the report was true. But the Bisheasetjeti were not at home when I passed. Nevertheless, the Majecototjeti did not know of any such intentions on the part of the Bisheasetjeti, in spite of having had several visits recently from the Bisheasetjeti.

I told this to the chief of the Yoeitjeti on my way back.

Now, in March 1956, the men and boys of Bisheasetjeti have gone down to Tamatama in canoes. But they did not stop in Yoeitjeti. The Yoeitjeti wanted to pursue them at once, but they lacked sufficient boats. Nineteen (19) men and two women from Yoeitjeti arrived at Tamatama a few days after the men of Bisheasetjeti had arrived there.

The Bisheasetjeti wanted to keep their bows when they arrived, in case their enemies might also come. But I told them to give us their bows and I would give them back when they were ready to leave.

If some other Yanomamas had come, I would also have taken their bows at the wharf in order to keep them from fighting. When the men of Bisheasetjeti saw the boat of the Yoeitjeti at a distance, they were afraid. I told them to go into my house and

/166 cont./
628 close the door. I was able to take the bows and arrows from the
● 123 newcomers at the wharf. When the Yoeitjeti arrived, their chief
asked me about the Bisheasetjeti. I told him that the
628 Bisheasetjeti did not wish to fight and that I already had their
123 bows. He let me take the bows of his men, and I shut them up
728 in one of our houses. Then the men of Yoeitjeti and Bisheasetjeti
came together at my house, without weapons, and assured each
other that they wished to be friends. All 31 of them slept together in my house (a little crowded, but comfortably). I offered them the empty house next to mine, but they did not want to have anything to do with it. (My house is well ventilated, /167/ having Venetian blinds all around and two shutter-doors.)

[437] On the following day the Yoeitjeti left, after exchanging their hammocks and bows with the Bisheasetjeti for machetes, clothing, matches, and other things. I was happy to see the two aldeas come together and become friends, because neither one of them wanted to fight.

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Guaharibo

101 Guiano-Amazonas district of Venezuela, is neither so simple nor clear-cut as it at first appears. None of the Indians of the Guianian highlands are natural settlers. The more primitive groups, who live entirely from cropping the forest, fishing and hunting, are compelled to lead wandering lives; and those who practise agriculture and live in villages are ever ready for [167] a change of scene. These things, allied to an ingrained migratory instinct, lead them to keep moving about the country throughout their lives.

More Guaharibos from the Padamo

123 On the afternoon of May 25th another party of Guaharibos arrived at Esmeralda. I was approaching the jetty in one of the boats when I heard Francisco shouting from the other bank. It was nothing new to hear Francisco's bellowing; whenever he had killed a tapir that was too heavy for him to carry alone, or when the day's bag was too big to be loaded on his minute *curiara*, he would give tongue in this manner. I turned back to join him and as I did so he pointed with a paddle to an Indian craft which till then had been hidden from me by the bank-side vegetation. I steered towards it, standing up in the boat and making gestures of welcome and friendship. For an answer two men stood up timidly in their [501] boat as I went over to them and circled round them. Their craft, which rocked buoyantly in my wash, was built of a single strip of bark. It was similar to the one the children had left behind them, but bigger and contained thirteen people. Then I led them back to the landing-stage.

The official reception of these people we left to Butrón, who had a wonderful gift for this sort of thing. He quickly had some machetes brought out as gift-offerings. Of the boat's crew nine were young men in their teens, two of whom had their faces blackened with charcoal. Among them was Mopare, the eldest of our first visitors. Two children of about six and two young women tried to efface themselves against the bottom [291] of the boat. The youths wore some cotton material round their middles which was secured back and front by a belt of string. The women wore a sort of fringed apron no more than a few inches across.

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than a few inches across. All had their ears pierced by sticks slightly thicker and longer than a cigarette. Their paddles were short and as crudely constructed as the boat itself, some being roughly rounded and others no more than discs lashed with lianas to a pole handle. [301] [501]

To these primitives we must have appeared a strange collection. Who are these beings—they must have asked themselves—who go about dressed, shod and bearded, and who point queer things at us which go " click "? And the many boats lined up there, that go so fast and make much noise! Mopare had probably told them wonderful tales, but since he had left the camp when it was still in embryo, he was doubtless as much amazed by its present size as the others. There was a moment of hesitancy and then Butrón held out a machete and said: " *Shori! Shori! Noji!* " He told us this meant " friend " or " relative ". In exchange for the machete, he demanded the man's bow and arrows. The size of the bow surprised me, since it was taller than the man himself. One by one the Indians disembarked and surrendered their arms in exchange for machetes. All except a fine, well-built brave who seemed to be their leader and who remained sitting in the stern of the boat, watchful and silent. The women, still cowering, stayed near him. At last, seeing his companions on shore and our attitude giving no cause for mistrust, he was reassured. Courteously and with dignity he held out a hand to the women, who were still apprehensive.

" Padamo ? " we asked him.

" Padamu, Padamu," he replied.

The final vowel, nasal and strongly accentuated, lies between " o " and " ou ". The word is indigenous and has been the river's official nomenclature since the time of Diez de la Fuente. [194]

" Guaharibo ? "

Another nasal sound which cannot be transcribed followed. It was a sort of grunt and could have meant " Yes ". And then: " Guaharibo ".

" Waika ? "

A worried look, followed by the gesture of bending a bow. [648]

" Waika—pfft ! Waika—pfft ! "

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Guaharibo

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[648] From this we deduced that the Waikas and the Guaharibos, although belonging to the same racial group, do not always live together in complete harmony.

142 Generally speaking, the Guaharibo is not as tall as the average white man. Though he is of slender build, his chest is thick-set and his arms are muscular and we attributed this to his regular use of his immensely powerful bow. His skin is lighter than that of the Makiritares and his eyes are brighter. His hair, too, is less dark and is cut with a fringe all round the head. Body hair is but feebly developed and the men are [302] practically beardless. The two women in the boat were delicately made and quite pretty; they adopted a similar hairstyle to the men but rather longer. Their breasts, small and conical, contrasted with the opulent, hemispherical breasts of the [302] Makiritare women. One of them was clearly the wife of the leader of the party; the other appeared to belong to one of the men with the charcoal-blackened face.

123 Our Guaharibos very quickly became less suspicious, though they still kept close together. Each grasped his machete as though it were treasure, the women and children doing so, [136] too. Hardly had they disembarked than they were assaulted by the *plaga*, which were always at their worst at this time of day. The unfortunate Guaharibos in their nakedness fell an easy prey to them and were soon hopping about and slapping themselves with their hands and the flat blades of the machetes. Obviously they had come from a less infested country, probably from the banks of a black water river.

"General" Butrón, who had several times had contact with the Padamo Guaharibos—or at least with their cousins the Waïkas—suddenly produced a bundle of incredible rags which he had picked up God-knows-where, and began to distribute them. The scene that followed was quite grotesque. The women were no more capable of putting on a dress than the men were of donning trousers. We had to dress them as if they were infants, and replace missing buttons by string. As soon as night fell and the *jejenes* left us in peace, they promptly discarded these embarrassing and tawdry impediments.

We made over to them a newly-built *rancho* situated in the

middle of the camp, but they preferred to sleep under a simple 123
palm roof resting on four poles which had been erected near
the river as a temporary measure when the first advanced party
arrived. There they hung their hammocks, made of the same [358]
pliable liana threads as their loin-cloths. Apart from their [283]
bows and arrows, these hammocks were the only possessions
they brought with them. Thus they passed the night close
to the river and their boat. They lighted fires and kept them
burning all night. Not all of them slept in hammocks. Some [513]
squatted on the bare ground close to the fires, but those who
used hammocks slung them low to get the maximum benefit
of the fire's heat, for all slept naked.

The next morning they came over to the empty *rancho* where
we gave them *manioc*, which they knew and appreciated as a
special treat. But they refused the cooked food we offered
them. One or two of them tasted it, but quickly spat it out.
We offered them meat and learned that they cook their game
without first skinning it. We gave them salt, which was new
to them and which they spat out with dreadful grimaces.
It was probably the salt that made them refuse our cooked
food. They never tired of *manioc*, and we discovered that [192]
manioc and *machete* were the only two Spanish words they
knew.

The Guaharibos have a curious and revolting habit of 276
secreting in their mouths between the lower gums and the lip
a roll of green tobacco as big as the stump of a fat cigar. They
do not chew it; it remains there unbroken all day while two
streams of greenish juice continuously trickle from the corners
of their mouths. Even the children and sometimes the women
indulge. The lump, which horribly deforms the lower part
of the face, making it look hideous, may have contributed to
their reputation for ferocity and savagery. The preparation
of the tobacco quids is the duty of the women. The fresh
tobacco leaf is rolled with wood-ash, and then the women
chew and soak it in spittle until it reaches the right proportions
and consistency before passing it on to their mates. Cardona
told us this was the universal practice.

The Indians' fear and suspicion of us quickly dispersed. 123

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Guaharibo

123 From the second day onwards their audacity began to become a nuisance. Pots, pans, empty boxes, string, knives and, of course, machetes, constantly excited their greed and began to disappear, to be concealed among the rocks at the foot of the hills. From then on we had to keep our stores, bags and dixies under lock and key. During the daytime they roamed about the camp, driven by curiosity to see so much that was new, but with the night they would again herd together round their [152] fires at the water's edge. They were very jealous of their women-folk and paid them the most touching attention. One [758] of the women was frequently shaken by violent fits of coughing and each time her mate would bring her a gourd of water he had drawn from the river and support her while she drank. When the coughing started again, the poor man's face would take on an expression of powerless solicitude.

595 162 As far as I could discover the Guaharibos are monogamous and their women are definitely in the minority—as evidenced by the present group of nine men and two women. When, by 578 684 means of signs and gestures, we asked the unattached males whether they had no wives, the answer was in each case in the negative. Cardona told us that the most common cause of 838 quarrels among them is raping of the women. We thought that homosexuality was also probably common practice. We 201 123 had no actual proof of this, but saw many instances of gestures—usually among themselves, but occasionally directed at us—which were, to say the least, equivocal. To the Guaharibos such gestures were obviously natural and proper behaviour.

123 411 In order to watch their reactions we fired a few rounds of ammunition. Accustomed to the silence of the forest and trained to hear the least rustle of sound, they betrayed instant terror. Clapping their hands over their ears, they fled. We invited them to demonstrate their own weapons. They handled their powerful bows with astonishing ease and accuracy and could send their light arrows, five to six feet long and made of straight reed stems, nearly a hundred yards. With a termite hill some eighteen inches high and twelve inches across as target, they hit it consistently from fifty yards. Shooting

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Makiritare SS20
Guaharibo

vertically into the air was particularly spectacular. The bow- Y 123
man stood with his left arm extended holding the bow over
his head, his back arched and body relaxed. Then, pulling [411]
on the bow-string slowly to keep the arrow steady, he would
let fly, his body dead-still as he watched the arrow climb
upwards, spinning like a top.

As happened on the occasion of their first visit, our Guaharibos took themselves off one morning before dawn. Our cook, Evaristo, pointed westwards across the savannah where we could see them outlined in the tall grass as they walked with their backs to the sun.

The Makiritares of the Cunucunuma

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In 1886, Jean Chaffanjon, the French explorer, visited the 114
Makiritares of the middle Cunucunuma and wrote an
enlightening account of them, saying that they spoke tolerable
Spanish. In 1949 de Civrieux and Lichy also went up the
Cunucunuma; accompanied by Makiritares, they reached
Mount Marahuaca. More recently still Dr. Hans Baumgartner,
former head of the Health Department of the Amazon Federal M
Territory, visited them. Although they are generally known 101
as Makiritares, these Caribs prefer to call themselves Dekuanas. M
"Makiritare" means "River Man" in Arawak, and at one [648]
time must have rung out like an alarm call when the pillaging
conquering hordes were on the march. To-day, though the M
number of Makiritares in Venezuela does not exceed seven [161]
hundred, their influence still dominates the Upper Caura, the
Upper Padamo and the Cunucunuma rivers, where they are to
be found in greatest concentration. M

The Cunucunuma flows into the Orinoco some thirty-five 133
miles below Esmeralda, its waters making good some of the
loss sustained at the Casiquiare fork, where some of the
Orinoco's water drains into the Amazonian Rio Negro. It is
a beautiful river, whose black and white waters intermingle.
It receives the torrents that pour down Duida's western flank
and from Marahuaca, the two tallest monuments to the former M
sandstone expanse of the Guianan *massif*. Two hundred yards [502]
from its mouth the Cunucunuma is broken by rapids which

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
· Venezuelan Indians SS4
Makiritare SS20

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Esmeralda to the Guaharibo Rapids

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EXPEDITIONS above Esmeralda differ from those elsewhere on the Orinoco in that no experienced guides are available. Native boatmen, wherever they may come from, are boatmen and not guides. In de la Fuente's time, the Makiritares frequented and sometimes inhabited the upper reaches of the river and its tributaries as far as the Padamo, but beyond that limit they were scared to go for fear of the terrible Guaharibos. It was the same with the Baré Indians who accompanied Chaffanjon in 1886 and who several times tried to desert. More recently, in 1931, Spencer Dickey's men were equally apprehensive. But none of these expeditions ever left the river.

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[361]

On the Sipapo the Piaroas make excellent guides, and Guahibos on the Vichada are equally ready to assist. Going up the Ventuari several explorers have recorded how they were handed from one settlement of Makiritares to another when they were crossing territory shared with the Guaharibos. The watershed between the Ventuari, Merevari and Auari rivers is a traditional cross-roads where Makiritares have established villages and plantations at each intersection.

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Cardona Puig is the only explorer I know of who has been guided by Guaharibos, Waikas or Shirishanas and he was repeatedly up against taboos, forbidden paths and places from which he was compelled to retrace his steps—not always unscathed.

• • •

At noon on July 13th Pablo Anduze, the entomologist who is known throughout Venezuela as "Dr Mosquito", Butrón and I left Esmeralda for the Guaharibo Rapids where we were to set up Base Camp No. 2. Like Esmeralda it was also to be a research centre. Twelve natives accompanied us of whom

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one, a Guahibo, refused to be parted from his wife. Butrón christened her Ana-Maria and she stayed with the expedition as cook and mascot almost to the end.

(133)

The Guaharibo Rapids are the first major barrier on the Upper Orinoco and only Chaffanjon, Dickey, and Butrón with his wood-cutters had ever got beyond them. Even the precise location of the rapids themselves was open to question since what one has called the Guaharibo Rapids another did not.

Butrón was in command of our convoy, his old launch towing half a dozen *curiaras* and *falcas*. Though the river was in spate there was water enough for the launch only as far as the foot of the rapids. From there on we should have to manhandle our native craft up the rapids as best we could.

Our cargo consisted of heavy cases of reserve foodstuffs and the greater part of the expedition's *manioc* supply. We also carried petrol in forty-four gallon drums and four-and-half gallon cans, and a great mound of newspapers and blotting paper for drying plants which Croizat and Couret had entrusted to our care. Finally we had a considerable quantity of knives, machetes and other barter-ware. Our job was to prepare the way for the main body of the expedition who would follow as soon as their work at Esmeralda, particularly the archaeological diggings, was completed.

The heavily-laden launch made slow progress against the fast-running current. With the river full to its maximum, the banks, undermined by the rush of water, kept caving in under the weight of their vegetation. Forest trees came spinning and turning downstream. We passed many small tributary streams often without noticing them, so closely knit were the enveloping trees whose lower branches were washed by the water. There seemed no chink in the impenetrable wall of vegetation and I caught myself repeating de Civrieux's phrase: "No way but the river, no horizon but the forest." There could be no question of sailing by night through such waters and so we made good use of the last remaining daylight by slinging our hammocks in tiers one above the other so that all fifteen of us could spend a comfortable night under the launch's awning.

The next day we passed the Padamo and its flood waters

123 were, if anything, even more violent than those of the Orinoco. At its mouth it is about three hundred yards wide compared to the four hundred yards of the Orinoco just below the juncture. Chaffanjon, doubtless influenced by wishful thinking and his growing proximity to the river's source, stated these widths to be only eighty and one hundred yards respectively. He similarly exaggerated his description of the ruggedness of the river-bed. But inaccuracies of this kind were by no means uncommon among explorers of the last century, as Jean Hurault showed of Anatole Coudreau's account of his exploration of the rivers of French Guiana.

123 The Padamo comes down Marahuaca—probably the highest
133 massif of the Guianan mountains—in a series of waterfalls. It is fed by two major tributaries, the Voltamo and the Matacuni, the last named rising in that remarkable " water tower " formed by the junction of the Sierra Parima and the Sierra Pacaraïma ; here rise the Ventuari, the Erebato, the Merevari, the Auari and the Ocamo.

Three hours later we reached the Ocamo, above which the Orinoco becomes noticeably narrower, for only the Mavaca now remains as a tributary of importance. The Mavaca, whose upper reaches were explored by Cardona in 1941, runs practically parallel to the Orinoco in a generally westerly direction until it is diverted northwards where it meets the mountains and joins the main river. These mountains are shown in Diez de la Fuente's sketch-maps and are the cause of the Orinoco's north-western change of course as far as Esmeralda. Formed of layers of sandstone, their summits tower high above the forest. We had not realized that the sandstone Roraïma Formation extended so far east nor, for that matter, so far south. Until then, we had accepted the generally-held belief that the granite mass of Piedra del Cocuy was typical of the mountains east and south of Duida. Observing from the river, it seemed to me that the sandstone beds were not horizontal, though it was not possible to observe either the angle or direction of their dip.

[127] We were using Hamilton Rice's sketch-map (scale 1–750,000) embracing the Rio Negro, the Casiquiare, and the Upper

123 133 [127] Orinoco to the Guaharibo Rapids. On this the river's course is given in great detail, showing not only the major tributaries but a great many minor ones as well, though there is no indication of their size. From first-hand experience it was clear to us that the contribution of some of the lesser tributaries was anything but negligible. There are, for instance, the Iguapo, which joins the Orinoco from the right ten miles above Esmeralda after itself being joined by a river its own size, and another river, unnamed as far as I know, which has its mouth midway between the Padamo and the Ocamo. And entering from the other bank come the Lipe and the Icipe, of which the latter is eighty yards wide at the confluence. Of these four only the Iguapo has been explored and that by Diez de la Fuente.

Above the Mavaca the Orinoco's mean width is less than two hundred yards. Its general direction of flow is east to west with a slight northern tendency and surprisingly, since it nowhere else does so in its thousand miles journey from Mavaca to the sea, it twists and turns pronouncedly.

123 136 Since we had left Esmeralda the only birds we had seen were single specimens of black ibis, large kingfishers and droves of white egrets. The egrets would sit craning their necks in the trees and, as we approached, would fly up only to settle down a little farther away. It was as though no human being had ever disturbed their forests. Once or twice we saw a pair of otters diving from a rock or dead tree stump and once we shot at an anaconda which was placidly coiled round a tree. We watched as it slowly unwound and disappeared into the murky water.

123 That evening we took one of the *curiaras* up a small tributary and fished, but the spate was too strong. Instead of fish we gathered some forest cocoa whose pulp is a refreshing drink when newly made.

The First Waïkas

101 [131] [177] The Padamo and Ocamo rivers are inhabited by Guaharibos. Above the Ocamo, the inhabitants of the Orinoco's banks call themselves Waïkas. They closely resemble the Guaharibos we had met at Esmeralda but are, perhaps, a little more primitive. Some had had previous contact with Butrón's wood-cutters.

SQ18
Waica

It was on July 15th that we encountered our first Waikas. 123
We were sailing close under the left bank during the late afternoon when we heard hoarse cries near by. Two naked Indians [302]
with faces and bodies painted violet showed themselves among
the trees. With excited gestures and brandishing their bows,
they motioned us to come closer.

"*Shori! Shori!*" they shouted.

"*Shori! Shori!*" we repeated and held up machetes for them to see.

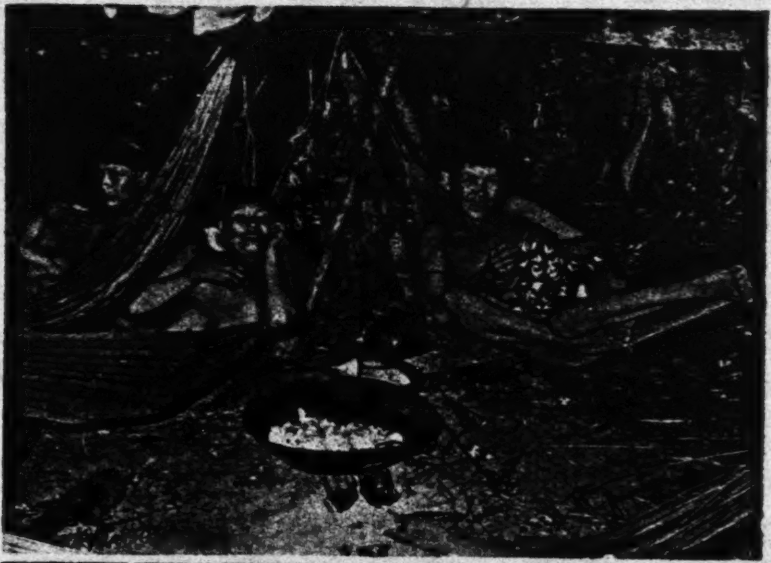
By the time we had found a suitable landing-place on the bank the two had become six—six young men laughing, shouting and jostling each other excitedly. All were painted. While we were still making fast, they plunged into the water and hoisted themselves aboard. We gave them machetes and *manioc* and they gave us bows and arrows in return. Judging from the way they fingered our clothes, boots and beards we must have appeared very peculiar creatures to them. All the time they kept saying "*Shori! Shori!*" and we responded as in a litany, "*Shori!*"

Physically the Waïka is no different from the Guaharibo. 142
He has the same stocky body and contrasting thin legs. His
hair is cut monk-fashion with the top of the head shaven. He 291
wears no clothes but a string of forest cotton which serves as
a belt and keeps his privy member tied upwards by means of a
knot round the prepuce. On his arms above the elbow he 301
wears a bangle of tightly woven cotton, monkey's fur or bird's [237]
skin. His ears are pierced to take ear-rings of reed. Sometimes a bunch of different coloured parakeet's feathers, or [304]
toucan's feathers, is used for this purpose. Occasionally he [291]
will wear a belt of cotton threads died with ochre. At first
we thought this to be a badge of rank or authority, but later
we saw so many of these garments and they were offered so
readily as barter that we had to revise this idea. Another
frequent form of adornment is the pelt of a capuchin monkey
worn on the head like a tiara. And all of these ornaments, [439]
besides bows and arrows, were freely offered to us in exchange [123]
for knives, necklaces and matches.

The bow is the Waïka's only weapon. Made of strong, 411

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18

Waica



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TOP: Women of the " Platanal ". Notice the household goods. The two types of hammock are clearly shown. (*Photograph by H.M. King Leopold*)

BOTTOM: Swapping. The little things we brought excited curiosity and greed. (*Photograph by J. Grelier*)

[P. 112-C]

his jungle intimately—where to find palm dates, cocoa and 221
brazil nuts in their season, and where game birds are most
plentifully found. He hunts the herds of peccary, his ear, [151]
versed in all the sounds of the forest, detecting his prey before
they detect him. When the water in the rivers is low he shoots
his fish with arrows and when the sand banks are uncovered
he hunts tortoise eggs buried in the sand. His interminable
wanderings are limited only by his forest lore; he lives only [262]
for the day, his sole reserve of food being a small store of bananas
brought from the village plantation.

Platanal

As we closed the shore our reception was tumultuous. From 123 ●
the high bank above us the Indians leaped yelling into the
water and clambered on board, shaking themselves like wet
dogs. Laughing and gesticulating they took hold of our
mooring lines. Though some of us were a little overcome
by this display of exuberance, Butrón was not in the least disconcerted.
He knew that the Indians had long learned to
associate him with machetes and *manioc*. As soon as it was
possible to do so, Butrón had a basket of *manioc* and a dozen
machetes carried ashore, and the Indians who had already
begun to ransack our cargo left it and hurried ashore.

"*Shori! Manioco! Oji!*" they cried striking their bellies. They jostled round the basket, stuffing handfuls of the coarse flour into their mouths, their heads thrown back in ecstasy.

As the Waïka have no knowledge of contriving the simplest [325]
of iron tools, or of grinding *manioc*, all such articles were highly [252]
valued objects of barter. So were matches, once they had been [439]
shown how to use them.

Butrón told them we wanted the large green bananas which [177]
are eaten cooked; the accepted tariff is three hands of bananas 123
for one machete. Before long, we heard some of the natives 439
making merry in the plantation, and made as if to follow them. [435]
But at once the others became suspicious and gestured to us
to return to the river bank. We insisted and they became
menacing, finally refusing to go on gathering the bananas if
we did not desist.

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Waica

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On the riverside where the bananas were being stacked, we came across a strange character. He was a white man, young and prematurely bald, who watched the proceedings calmly, almost diffidently. His trousers and shirt were impregnated with the violet dye the Indians smear on their bodies. I went

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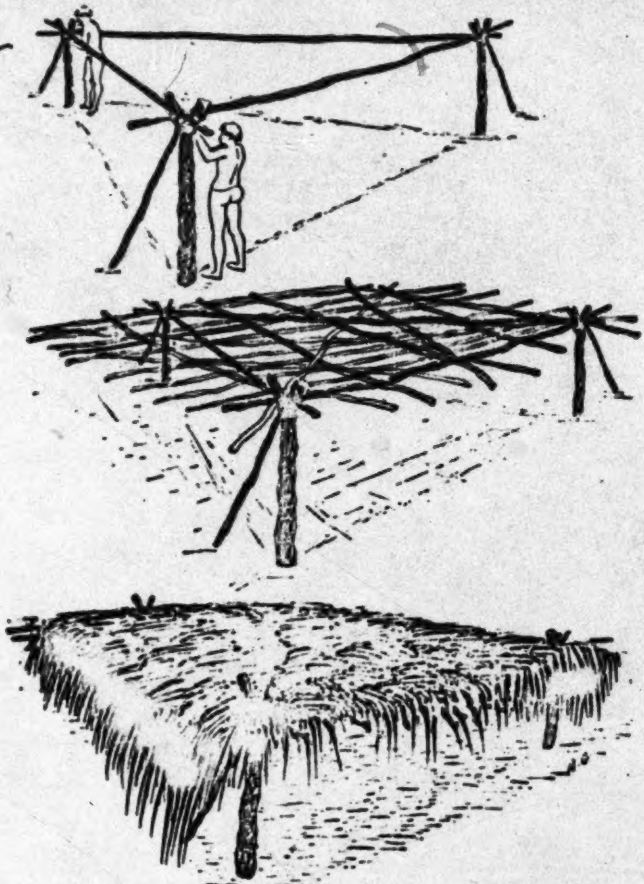


THE WAÏKAS BUILD THEIR HUTS IN A MATTER OF A FEW MINUTES. THE HUTS ARE ALWAYS BUILT TO THE SAME PATTERN

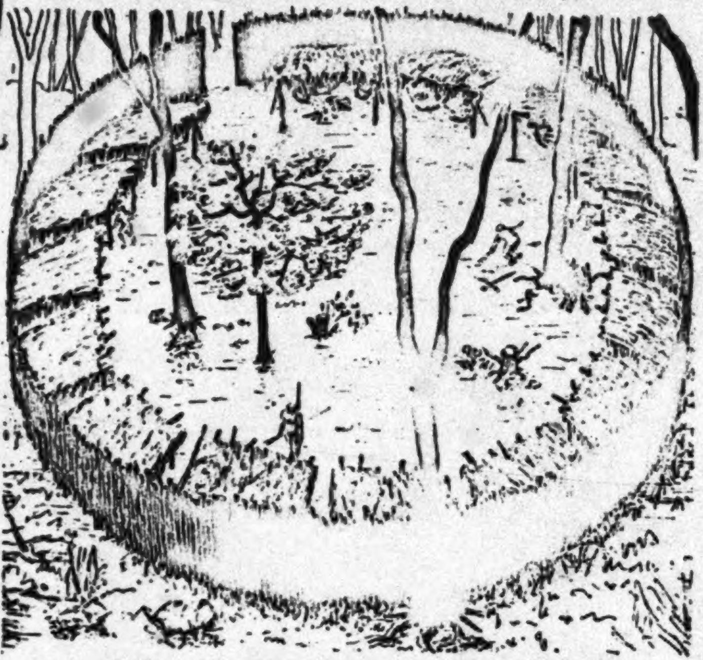
forward to meet him and he introduced himself as James 797
Barker of the Evangelist Mission of San Fernando de Atabapo. 123
He told me that he and a companion now up at the village had been living with the Waïkas for the past seven months. He added that the Indians had sunk the boat in which they had come so that they were now quite isolated. He spoke their language fluently and his attitude to them was that of an indulgent schoolmaster.

I told him of our desire to see the village and he spoke about 123
it to the Waïkas. They were at once suspicious and reluctant; [122]
even when they eventually agreed, agreement was far from unanimous. Nevertheless, we fell in behind Barker and marched up a slippery path so muddy that I began to envy the forest people their nakedness. We came to a recently made clearing which had been cleared by fire and I tried to slip away up a little-used path. At once the Indians objected, their vehemence suggesting that the plantation to which the path probably led hid many wonderful secrets.

After twenty minutes of marching we came to a fence in a [417]
clearing. The fence was made of stakes lashed together forming a perfect circle. I thought this must be the village but we passed it by. A hundred yards beyond we came to another similar enclosure and this time our guides led us inside. As we entered I remembered what Pierre Ivanoff had told me of an earlier occasion when he and three companions had succeeded in reaching a Waïka village. The first enclosure we had just seen was undoubtedly the counterpart of the one in which he had been forced to dance with his hosts before being allowed to go on to the second. In the present instance the dance was omitted from our programme.

Inside the enclosure, which was some thirty yards across, 361
huts were built with their backs to the palisade, leaving a 123
circular space in the middle shaded by a big tree. The corner [342]
of each hut consisted of three stakes in the form of a tripod supporting horizontal rafters of green wood tied in place by lianas. Wide-eaved roofs were thatched with banana leaves. The circle of fencing was unbroken except for the single entry. A pungent, musty smell pervaded the place as we

361 entered. It was deserted; the women and children had doubtless fled at our approach and were now probably hiding in the ● 123 [609] forest or the plantation. This would explain why the men had been unwilling to allow me to wander off on my own. 123 [291] After a time they began to filter back. The boys were the



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WAÌKA FORTIFIED VILLAGE, "PLATANAL"

123 [291] first to return, the younger ones wearing nothing but an armlet above the elbow, and the older ones wearing the string round their hips and knotted to the prepuce. Then came the women, the oldest first, followed by the younger ones with their babies. [302] All were completely naked and all wore their hair cut in the pudding-basin fashion favoured by the men. They kept close together, chattering; some began idly swinging in their hammocks in their houses. When we tried to approach them the men followed close on our steps.

SQ 18

Waica

I tried to take some photographs of them, but they cowered 123 back behind each other, clucking like frightened chickens, and the men gestured to me to stop. One of them, a one-eyed old man, despatched a stream of spittle from his quid into my face.

"*Shori! Noji!*" I protested, and laughed. I got out my comb and combed my hair and beard. He came over and examined the comb and my hair and stroked my beard. Then he, too, laughed.

"*Shori!*" he repeated.

I set about combing his crown of short bristly hair. He laughed louder and spat heartily. I slipped my arm round his shoulders and placed the view-finder of my camera against his good eye. He groaned and hopped from one foot to another, and I pressed the release. Then he laughed again and allowed himself to be photographed but he would not allow me to take pictures of the women until we had made further gifts of knives.

In the missionaries' hut, which was identical with the others, we saw the beginnings of the first Waïka dictionary. While we were there a native came up and led me to a hut where his wife was suckling a few-week's-old baby. The baby's two-year-old brother was playing in the dust with two mangy dogs as thin as a skeleton and of no recognizable breed. The child's [164] body was covered with scabs about the size of threepenny bits. Quite obviously the father expected me to do something about the affliction, and I made up my mind to give Barker some tubes of sulphonamide. Barker told me that infant mortality [165] was high among the Waïkas, adding that he had never known a child to be born or to die within the village enclosure. Since the sojourns of these people within the village were invariably brief, birth and death invariably occurred in the course of their peregrinations.

The men and youths all had deep scars on their scalps, made 142 the more conspicuous by their shaven crowns. In answer to our inquiries we were told in gestures that these came from some sort of stick or club, but whether in battle or ritual, we could not discover. (The following year King Leopold II's [114] expedition to the same area saw similar long head-scars among Waïka women.)

SQ18
Waica

302 Both men and women and even the small children paint their
[386] faces and bodies with a violet-ish dye extracted from the edible
berry of the manaca palm. Sometimes the dye is mixed with
the red clay from the river bank. As a dye it persists well, for
it often has to compete with many layers of dirt and does not
302 seem to wash off with sweat or rain. The patterns in which
it is used vary considerably. All-over dyeing of cheeks and
531 forehead is common, though sometimes vertical lines are preferred, either straight or wavy. The designs are never angular
and the same *motif* is rarely repeated. One freshly-painted
warrior had his face, neck and chest painted all over a violet-red, while his back was painted with a series of half-inch polka
dots arranged in parallel lines. Dots of this sort were also
commonly used with artistic purpose on the upper and lower
limbs. To heighten the contrast some used charcoal to blacken
themselves.

123 Some explorers of these forests have tried to read ritual or
302 war-like significance into this painting of the body. But since
we frequently found freshly-painted individuals in company
with some whose paint was paling and some who were not
even painted at all, I do not think this theory holds good. I
believe it is no more than the expression of a desire to be
beautiful, although it is true that at a later date, when the
natives became menacing, they were all freshly painted.

* * *

352 The furnishing of Waïka huts is very simple and orderly,
each hut containing anything from four to ten hammocks, and
every inch of space being used by slinging the hammocks one
[286] above the other. Some of the hammocks are woven from
[283] threads of forest cotton dyed in ochre, which quickly fades,
while others are made of thin lianas crudely knotted at their
[287] ends. We saw none of the bark hammocks which the natives
invariably use on their journeys. Each hut is the centre of
592 a family unit, two families sharing the same hut only when
the village is crowded.

162 In the present village of about two hundred and fifty people,
which we called Platanal, only about forty were adult males.

Barker told us that it was no more than a temporary stopping- 361
place on one of the jungle trails, no family ever remaining for 485
more than a week. And so we found on our various return visits. The inhabitants were always different and their numbers varied considerably. Barker could not tell us how frequently these villages occur in the forests. He said he had been to only one other during his seven months' stay.

Every home possesses two or three calabashes, gourds and 415
baskets, all dyed with ochre and some decorated with macaw [531]
or toucan feathers. All such objects of daily use have loops [237]
of string tied to them by which they can be hung from the [353]
hut's roof. Each family also has its little knives of capybara
teeth. Firesticks are kept carefully packed away to keep them 412
dry during disuse, as fire is always available from glowing 237
embers that are never allowed to go out. We saw a number 372
of baskets which women carry on their backs, but could not 482
discover what they were used to carry—probably household
utensils in the course of their journeyings. I could find no 292
Waïka musical instrument, but in one hut, the only one with [534]
no hammock in it, I came across a sort of fibre cape hanging
from a beam. As this was the only garment of any sort that
I saw, it may well have been a ritual robe.

In every house there was at least one fire, and joints of 353
unskinned peccary and branches of green bananas hung from [354]
many rafters. In an unornamented earthenware jar shaped like [252]
a bell we saw a peccary's head boiling whole with all its hair
and skin. In another hut a child was eating a small alligator 252
which had been grilled on the embers. [415]

The Waïkas do not know salt and spat out the little we gave [262]
them in disgust. We thought that perhaps the huge quid of 263
tobacco which the men, women and children keep under their 276
lower lips might perhaps compensate for this deficiency. As [123]
with the Guaharibos, the women make up the quids every
morning, impregnating them with their own saliva before
passing them on to their mates.

Barker said he had never known Waïkas to build or use any 501
sort of river-craft—not even a raft. He told us that the

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Waica

He told us that the

499 building of their crude bridges is a lengthy and laborious business and quite impossible when the river was in spate.

123 We returned to the river to find that those we had left behind had removed the boats to a safe distance—a wise precaution, since it was desirable not to excite the greed of the natives. Many an expedition, we knew, had failed through being looted because this elementary precaution had [648] been overlooked. Furthermore, such incidents can lead to serious conflict, as Cardona had learnt on more than one occasion. When dealing with such primitives, caution, good humour and nursery diplomacy are the essential safeguards.

As we pressed on up-river other Waïkas hailed us from the banks. We did not stop, nor did we make any presents of *manioc*, knives and machetes to those who followed us, running through the undergrowth, and gesticulating and shouting as they ran. We spent the night in the shelter of a rocky island they could not reach.

The Guaharibo Rapids

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133 By now the river's width was no more than a hundred and fifty yards. Though its course no longer wound as it had, the current was no less strong. Rocky banks that plunged steeply into the water and boulders across the river-bed created violent currents and our engines had to go full out to give us the least headway. If the water had been low we should have been able to pass only with the greatest of difficulty. We passed through one such rocky race which Butrón said was the Guaharibo Rapids. Actually they were the Yamaraquin Rapids marked on Hamilton Rice's map and characterized by a huge pyramid-shaped reef. Butrón called the rapids, where we intended setting up Base Camp 2, the Waïka Rapids, distinguished, so he said, by a group of islands of rock and sand, of which two were comparatively large. These were mentioned by both Rice and Dickey, who called them the Gua- [131] haribo Rapids. Rice gave their precise position as Latitude 2° 18′ 18″ N., Longitude 64° 38′ 46″ W. We arrived there at eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th.

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The Guaharibo Rapids are caused by the presence of a barrier of extra-hard rock—granite diorite or diabase—which sand and water cannot erode so easily as the granite base. The water meets this barrier and either pours over it in a waterfall or descends less precipitously through a race strewn with rocks and reefs which mark the slow recession of the fall. Sand worn from the rock also accumulates to form islands. The main race from its crest is about two hundred yards long, secondary channels being set up by the presence of islands. On the largest of these islands we set up camp.

Here the river again ceases to be navigable, but we hoped by using the greater depth of the flood waters to be able to push our way up through one of the secondary channels. If this failed, the only alternative would be to haul the boats overland. Whatever happened, these rapids marked the end of a phase. Once passed, they would cease to be an objective, becoming instead no more than a stage in our progress to the river's source.

[pp. 122-169 not processed]

133 123 But ibis in immense droves refused to be disturbed as they covered each new sandbank that was born.

[136] The water was as clear as if it had been filtered, its reflection of the sun blinding. Dark patches of smooth water amid the rippled surface elsewhere betrayed the next sandbanks to uncover.

We left behind the Padamo, Ocamo and the Mavaca, and all the time the river got narrower. We passed the nights on great flat platforms of rock which got larger as the water went down; with machetes we killed fish trapped in the rocky pools left by the receding stream. A dish of ananas and fish, half-soup, half-stew, is very tasty. It is called *sancoco* and from now on became our staple diet.

123 [136] From Esmeralda we had brought supplies of sugar, coffee, salt, some oil and four big baskets of *manioc* from which we made coarse bread at all hours of the day. Several times we saw fresh water turtles clinging to the rocks and once or twice succeeded in catching one. But they are wily creatures and usually they dived before we could get near them. One we caught was handicapped by an injured foot which the men asserted was the work of a caribe. Unfortunately, it was too early for the females to be laying their eggs in the sand—they would have been manna, indeed.

123 721 [764] We arrived at Platanal on November 21st to find that the bridge had been cut down and learned that this had been deliberately done "for strategic reasons". The Indians greeted us like old friends and unhesitatingly took us to the village. There we found feverish activity on all sides. A boy had been kidnapped from the plantation and another killed by an arrow through the chest. The corpse had been cremated amid ritual weeping and the ashes stored by the family in an urn sealed by wax. Not until the death had been avenged could they be mixed with the dust of the lad's ancestors.

[712] The men had strengthened and consolidated the fortified enclosure and cut down the screen of trees round the village. Sentries had been posted and the entry through the fortification had been concealed by palm-leaves. Women were

SQ 18
Waica

bringing in supplies from the plantation and distributing them among the huts. They were obviously preparing for a long siege. 123 721

Barker, the missionary, told us he had thrown his shot-gun into the river to save him from having to take part. Rape, he said, was at the root of every conflict—the kidnapping of boys or girls according to whether a clan had a surplus of men or women without mates. Sometimes a young warrior had to [555] prove himself and in such cases rape is the best method, since it tests endurance, patience, resource and skill no less than strength.

On this occasion, the women had lost all their earlier bashfulness—a group of six of them never leaving us. 123 We had seen the eldest of them twice before, and three of the others had been in the village when we had passed through on our downstream trip. It seemed they must have vouched for our friendliness for nobody asked us for machetes and matches.

On returning to our boat we found six stalks of bananas had been put in it for us. We were sorry that we had nothing but a little *manioc* to offer in return. As we left we met three Waïkas from a neighbouring clan. In honour of their hosts [302] and doubtless to cut a good figure, each had painted himself all over with violet dye.

* * *

We passed the Guaharibo Rapids at dawn on November 22nd and by the following day were at the foot of the rapids at Peñascal. We had brought lifting tackle to use where necessary, but with only four of us—and somewhat tired at that—we were anxious to avoid overland porterage wherever we could.

The falling water had uncovered acres of rocks with little channels running between, offering a safe passage through. At other times we had to assault the main channel knowing that if the engine gave out we must lose boat, provisions and equipment, if not our lives. For this reason, if ever there was enough water to float us in any subsidiary channel, we took it every time.

[pp 172 to end of book not processed]

124 omissions in ascending generations. The genealogies of
128 individuals from other villages were easier to collect,
particularly if my informants had grudges against the members
of those villages, but I employed the same techniques in
these cases as well.

124 After I had established the genealogical relationships, I visited the various villages to make estimates of
the ages of the individuals, as well as to collect other
124 kinds of information. This was always a touchy business, as
123 the Yąnomamö resent being called by their names, particularly
551 older and more influential individuals. Occasionally I would
554
764 say the name of an individual who had recently been killed in
a raid; this always resulted in an unpleasant and possibly
dangerous situation, as most of them were unable to understand why a complete stranger should want to possess such
knowledge unless it were for harmful magical purposes. My
guides were constantly reminding me not to mention the names
of dead people of the villages I visited and of the disastrous
consequences that would follow should I fail to heed this
advice.

124 In short, the collection of the genealogies was an unpleasant, full-time task and left very little time for intensive study of other aspects of Yąnomamö culture.

114 The two monographs dealing with the Yąnomamö mentioned above are quite superficial in their treatment of social organization; to date no intensive analysis of Yąnomamö social organization has been attempted using data

722 villagers return from their visit, returning only to fetch
361 food from the garden. When the men are away on a raid, the
women and children are concealed in these temporary sites
221 until the men return. During the dry season when raiding and
361 feasting are common, villages are frequently deserted; the
574
722 men are away on a raid and the women and children are hiding
in the jungle, or the entire village has gone off to participate in a feast at another village. This pattern has rather
unfortunately been described as nomadism, or semi-nomadism,
by a number of students of Yąnomamö culture. I wish to
emphasize that the Yąnomamö population movements, annually or
over a longer period of time, are almost exclusively a function
of their warfare pattern and not economic considerations, as
is implied in the use of the terms nomadism and semi-nomadism.

422
484 All males above 13 or 14 years of age have a bow,
[411] arrows, a bamboo case for carrying extra arrow tips, a fire
[415] drill, and several 'knives' made from the incisors of the
[372] agouti rodent. Both sexes have either a cotton or a vine
[237] hammock. These possessions are easily carried by the owner
[352]
[123] on long trips and are rapidly packed. Whenever I wanted to
accompany a group of people on trips to other villages they
always complained about how much of a burden I would be. It
always took me several hours to prepare my packs, and I
always took more than I could comfortably carry myself, having
484 to hire some of them to assist me. They, on the contrary,
could be ready to depart within ten minutes of their decision
to leave, having only to roll up their hammocks and pack a few

*628 584 582 appropriately adjusted, he had no difficulty marrying the
601 885 183 remaining two.

684 The close ties between siblings of the opposite sex
[593] and between brothers-in-law are also reflected in the fact
[607] that incestuous relationships are not severely punished.
Thus, Kąobäwä was known to be having an affair with his
classificatory sister, Kräömi, but her husband overlooked
the matter. Incest is not severely punished. The Yąnomamö
[595] rely on the internal sanctions of shame and conscience,
[184] bolstered supernaturally by the fear that incestuous affairs
prevent the release of the soul of the guilty party during
[766] cremation. As a counter measure, they dismember the body
of someone known to have committed incest during his life
time, and burn the parts of the body a much longer time than
835 they normally would have otherwise. Some of the Yąnomamö
avoid incestuous affairs, according to Kąobawä, because one of
their ancestors turned into a sloth (ihama) after having
committed incest. Kąobawä himself initially denied having
incestuous affairs because incest (yaweremou), as he put it,
". . . is the most despicable thing possible." Later, he
[123] confided that he had fornicated with his FaBrDa on a number
of occasions and did not seem particularly concerned about
the matter, except his fear that I would tell his wife.
Other data suggest that incest, far from being feared, is
[601] widely practiced. In particular, kinship usage varies con-
[183] siderably from the expected usage predictable from genea-
logical data and the Iroquois terminology. Whenever I

*621 613 602 591

full brothers and constitute a local descent group by virtue of their co-residence.

602 613 561 594 521 554 571 622

The relationship of age differential between agnates and the strength of the agnatic tie can be illustrated by Kąobawä's relationships to the men in his descent group. Two of them are much young than he (Shadadama, 22; Shararaiwä, 18). Whenever Kąobawä organizes a feast, these two young men do much of the laborious work of preparing the food and cooking it, going on the 5-7 day hunt to obtain the meat, and making the bark trough to contain the cooked food. Another agnate, Nadesiwä, 45 years old, does nothing to assist in the preparations for feasts. He is about 5 years older than Kąobawä. The two remaining agnates, Rapeawä, 45, and Shiimima, 28, each participate to a very limited degree in the work. Shiimima, the younger of these two, does more work than the other, and usually takes charge of the hunting and directs the labors of the two youngest men in preparing the food. The two youngest agnates, however, do more work than all of the older ones put together. They, in turn, do even less work than Kąobawä's adopted son, a Shamatari boy of 16 years. A great deal of the work is done by Kąobawä's nephew, Bäkotawä, 18 years old.

622 602 613 561 *123 554 571

Kąobawä's ability to command his agnates to execute tasks varies inversely with the ages of these men. Once Shiimima took my flashlight. I discovered by devious means who the culprit was, and asked Kąobawä to have Shiimima return it to me, presuming that he could order him to do so.

622 602 Several days went by and I still did not have the item, so I
613 asked Kąobawä what he had done about it. He said he had
561 • 123 spoken to Shiimima, but the matter then rested with him: "He
554 will give it to you if it is his desire to do so." I ulti-
571 mately had to resort to my own means to recover the flashlight, as Kąobawä could not force Shiimima to return it. When I questioned Kąobawä about this ineffectiveness, he explained: "Shiimima is already fierce and I can not order him around." Thus, while he could command his youngest siblings to do things, he had to rely on example and suggestion
622 to get older agnates to do the same things. Before every
613 602 feast, for example, the village clearing is cleaned by scrap-
529 ing up the weeds and debris that accumulate, and hauling them
574 351 out of the village. As the younger agnates are busy prepar-
554 ing the food for the feast, they can not clean the clearing.
591 561 Kąobawä usually goes to the center of the village and begins cleaning up the debris himself. After a while, his older agnates join him, and perhaps their spouses as well. They would be inclined, however, to refuse to do the work if Kąobawä requested them to do it, for acquiescence in this regard implies that one is being bossed around.

*621 Within a local descent group, therefore, the relative
613 602 age of the agnates is crucial to the solidarity of the group
561 and the effectiveness of its leadership. If the father of
593 a group of brothers is alive, he will be the leader, and the
602 613 group functions quite smoothly. When he dies, however, the solidarity and strength of the group diminishes, as adult

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*[621] organize a raiding party of approximately 20 to 25 men.[1]

The smallest raiding party I saw during my field work comprised 10 men. This seems to be the lower limit to the size of an effective raiding party; most raiding parties are of the order of 35-40 men, although I have seen as many as 60 men leave on a raid.[2] There are several reasons why
701 raiding parties require ten or more men. First, the Yąnomamö
703 are not brave warriors; in a party of 10 men, a significant
721 fraction of them would rather remain in the village where it is safer, and these men always look for excuses to drop out of the raiding party before the party meets and joins the enemy. The usual excuses given are sickness or sore feet. Thus, even in small raiding parties there is considerable dissent among the men, particularly the younger ones. Such problems would be insurmountable if the party contained fewer than ten men, as even the most determined of the raiders would lose his enthusiasm by listening to the complaints and pessimistic comments of the more reluctant members of the
701 raiding party. I accompanied one Monou-tedi raiding party a
703
721 portion of the way to their objective; most of the younger
• 123 men in the raiding party complained of having dysentery,
114 malaria, or sore feet. I had promised to give them malaria

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[1] This presumes that there are no sick or injured men in the village; there are always some.

*[628] [2] The larger raiding parties are always composite, involving the members of two or more villages.

701 703 pills before the raiding party left, but I forgot them.
721 This almost ended the raiding party, as the younger men
• 123 jumped on this as an excuse to stay home. The older men,
114 however, forced them into line and severly chastized them for
being cowardly.

701 Raiding tactics also require that approximately ten
721 men be included in the raiding party. The raiding party
725 usually splits into two or more groups when it approaches
the village of the enemy. This increases the probability that the raid will be successful; two groups are more likely to confront individuals of the enemy village while at the same time splitting up reduces the possibility that the raiders will be accidentally discovered by the enemy. After the raiders shoot one or more of the enemy, they retreat in a standardized pattern. Groups of two men retreat a specified distance, their retreat being covered by two men who lie in ambush along the trail most likely to be taken by pursuers. The guarding pair then retreats, being covered by the first pair who lie in ambush. If the raiding party has separated into two groups, retreat tactics will necessitate at least 8 men.

721 The purpose of a raid is to kill one or more of the
727 enemy and retreat before being discovered. A raid is successful only if one or more of the enemy is killed and none of the raiders is wounded or killed. When a joint raiding party from Mahekodo-tedi and Bisaasi-tedi raided Riakowä's village in the early '50s to revenge the deaths of two

726 *628 Bisaasi-tedi, as the Monou-tedi were demanding military aid
622 from them. Paruriwä seized upon this as his opportunity to
[554] advance his prestige, and after the middle of 1965 initiated
several raids against the Patanowä-tedi without the support
of Kąobäwä. This enhanced his prestige with the Monou-tedi.
[602] As Paruriwä was not related to the slain Monou-tedi headman
(consanguineally), his participation in the war is best seen
as an expression of his attempt to advance his status.

156 Paruriwä's behavior in other respects changed after
622 the middle of the year. He constantly reminded me that he
[123] was a 'big man,' as if I would fail to notice this. Again,
[593] he went out of his way to be brutal to his wives; on one
occasion he nearly killed one of them with an axe because she
responded slowly to his demand for food while Paruriwä was
entertaining visitors. His outburst was a display to the
visitors, and to his own followers, that he was indeed a
*621 force to contend with. Shortly after I left the field,
622 Paruriwä and his group separated from Kąobäwä's and moved
361 across the Orinoco River. He had started building his house
529 574 on that side of the river about the middle of the year. This
move underscored his postion as a headman, as he could
initiate feasts for other groups from his own village. Up
until the time he moved, visitors from other villages consistently
sought out Kąobäwä as Bisaasi-tedi's headman during
the feasts and the trading after the feasts, no matter how
much effort Paruriwä spent in emphasizing his own role in the
feast. As far as the visitors were concerned, there was just

*628 visitors were enraged because Paruriwä failed to execute the
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786 plan, and they returned to Monou-tedi to recruit a raiding
*621 party, hoping to intercept the visitors on their way back to
786 Patanowä-tedi.[1] Paruriwä placated the Monou-tedi by organiz-
*628 ing a series of raids against the Patanowä-tedi, and by
*621 inviting the Monou-tedi to stay in his section of the village when they fled from their other two sites. Prior to this, the Monou-tedi had been staying with the members of the lower group of Bisaasi-tedi. By early November, the Monou-tedi had begun raiding the Patanowä-tedi with great frequency, supported by members of Paruriwä's group. Paruriwä himself sent three raiding parties against the Patanowä-tedi between November and February, all of which included men from Monou-
[622] tedi. Kaobawä did not participate in or encourage these raids, but some of his followers took part in them.

*621 This split was not the outcome of an internal feud.
622 Rather, it developed out of the different political interests
*628 of two leaders, one of whom was ambitiously striving to im-
602
786 prove his status as a headman. The other refused to prosecute
578 the war against the Patanowä-tedi, as he had a large number of kinsmen there. The existence of these ties, however, did not preclude the war, as the Bisaasi-tedi are in fact raiding the Patanowä-tedi. The kin ties at best mitigate the intensity of the raiding. The situation is a problem for the Patanowä-tedi, as they do not want to kill the few Bisaasi-tedi friends

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•[123] [1] Their plan failed, as I took the Patanowä-tedi back to their village part way in my boat, and we went the remainder of the way on a trail the Monou-tedi could not reach.

000 11. **Didihoma**. See #28, Manasinawä, below.

159 12. **Dimörama**. This girl was abducted from a distant Shamatari
913 village (Kohoroshi-tedi, probably in Brazil, on the Upper
583 Cauabury River) by the Reyaboböwei-tedi and Mömaribõwei-
*621 tedi. Her husband--the man to whom she was given after
578 being abducted--shot her in the stomach with a barbed
arrow, wounding her gravely (see Shiborowä, below). The
man was forced to flee from the village and take refuge
in Lower Bisaasi-tedi, as other men in the village
planned to use this incident as an excuse to take his
159 wives from him. In late 1965 a party of men from Lower
*628 Bisaasi-tedi, including Shiborowä, set off for Mǫmariböwei-
• 123 tedi to 'visit.' I accompanied them on their invitation.
721 They were going to Mǫmariböwei-tedi to take Dimörama away
from her protectors by force, if necessary, and asked me
to come along knowing that I always travelled with a gun,
presuming that my presence, with a gun, would aid in
their objective. The girl was very nearly dead when we
arrived (four months had passed since she was shot, and
the wound was badly inflected). As the Bisaasi-tedi were
one of the only allies of the Mǫmariböwei-tedi, they gave
up the girl without much argument, since she would have
[797] died anyway. (The New Tribes Missionaries took the girl
to the Territorial Capital by canoe for surgery in
January 1966. She recovered from the wound and is
presently living in Lower Bisaasi-tedi.)

159 21. **Kakoma**. This is one of the seven women abducted from the
583 Patanowä-tedi in late 1964 by the Monou-tedi. She was
587 taken from her Monou-tedi husband by force by the Lower
*628 Bisaasi-tedi and given to Kǫobauwä, one of the village
721 bachelors.

000 23. **Katabema**. See Shiborowä, below.

181 ingness to use violence to obtain one's ends are considered desirable traits. Much of the
behavior of the Yąnomamö can be described as brutal, cruel, treacherous, in the value-
ladened terms of our own vocabulary. The Yąnomamö themselves, however, as Napoleon
[114] Chagnon came to intimately know them in the year and a half he lived with them, do
not all appear to be mean and treacherous. As individuals, they seem to be people playing
their own cultural game, with internal feelings that at times may be quite divergent from
[121] the demands placed upon them by their culture. This case study furnishes valuable data
for phrasing questions about the relationship between the individual and his culture.

[276] The Yąnomamö appear to be constantly on the verge of extranormal behavior, as we define it, and their almost daily use of hallucinogenic drugs reinforces these drives to what might seem to the outside observer to be the limits of human capacity. Life in their villages is noisy, punctuated by outbursts of violence, threatened by destruction by enemies. To the ethnographer it is frightening, frustrating, disgusting, exciting, and rewarding, and in this case study the ethnographer lets the reader know how he feels. His honest reactions help us, as interested outsiders, to know the Yąnomamö.

121 This is a study of a fierce people who engage in chronic warfare. It is also a study
726 of a system of controls that usually hold in check the drive toward annihilation. Conflict
among the Yąnomamö is regulated through a series of graded escalations, from chest-pounding and side-slapping duels, through club fighting, spear throwing, to raiding in a state of war, to the ultimate—the *nomohori*—massacre by treachery. The processes of avoidance, settlement, or escalation of disputes are discussed in detail in this case study. There are implications that range beyond the Yąnomamö, and beyond primitive peoples, to the "civilized" world in which we live, for we too live in a state of chronic warfare and are threatened by annihilation.

121 The Yąnomamö goad each other, within their own villages, to the brink of an
578 explosion (and they goaded the ethnographer in the same way). This hostility is
[123] projected on a larger scale in the negotiating of alliances between villages. Each principal must establish the credibility of his own threats, as well as discover the point at which the opposite party's bluffing will dissolve into action. It is, as the author says, a politics of brinksmanship, all too familiar to us.

128 The study is, however, not confined to a description of regulated violence. Dr. Chagnon provides us with an unusually clear chapter on social organization, with the genealogical details of kinship. The models he produces in his analysis are cast in sharper relief because he also discusses deviations from these models in actual behavior. He links social organization with the processes of fission that produce new villages and the alliances that are created in response to the threat of annihilation, reinforced and validated by the mutual ceding of women between villages. Social organization is presented not as an abstraction but as a dynamic process interrelated with other significant dimensions of life. The anthropological novice will find the analysis of social organization detailed but, with close attention, entirely understandable. The more experienced anthropological reader will grasp the full theoretical implications of the analysis and will find the author's references to various debates in the anthropological literature stimulating.

1

Doing Fieldwork among the Yąnomamö

101 131 THE YĄNOMAMÖ[1] INDIANS live in southern Venezuela and the adjacent portions
161 of northern Brazil (see frontispiece map, p. iv). Some 125 widely scattered vil-
162 lages have populations ranging from 40 to 250 inhabitants, with 75 to 80 people
361 the most usual number. In total numbers their population probably approaches 10,000
people, but this is merely a guess. Many of the villages have not yet been contacted by
101 outsiders, and nobody knows for sure exactly how many uncontacted villages there are,
177 or how many people live in them. By comparison to African or Melanesian tribes, the
Yąnomamö population is small. Still, they are one of the largest unacculturated tribes
left in all of South America.

721 But they have a significance apart from tribal size and cultural purity: the Yą-
773 nomamö are still actively conducting warfare. It is in the nature of man to fight, according
181 to one of their myths, because the blood of "Moon" spilled on this layer of the cosmos,
causing men to become fierce. I describe the Yąnomamö as "the fierce people" because
that is the most accurate single phrase that describes them. That is how they conceive
themselves to be, and that is how they would like others to think of them.

114 I spent nineteen months with the Yąnomamö,[2] during which time I acquired some
122 proficiency in their language and, up to a point, submerged myself in their culture and
123 ______ way of life.

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[94] [1] The word Yąnomamö is nasalized through its entire length, indicated by the diacritical mark [ą]. When this mark appears on a word, the entire word is nasalized. The terminal vowel [-ö] represents a sound that does not occur in the English language. It corresponds to the phone [ɨ] of linguistic orthography. In normal conversation, Yąnomamö is pronounced like "Yah-no-mama," except that it is nasalized. Finally, the words having the [-ä] vowel are pronounced as that vowel with the "uh" sound of "duck." Thus, the name Kąobawä would be pronounced "cow-ba-wuh," again nasalized.

[2] I spent a total of twenty-three months in South America of which nineteen were spent among the Yąnomamö on three separate field trips. The first trip, November 1964 through February 1966, was to Venezuela. During this time I spent thirteen months in direct contact with the Yąnomamö, using my periodic trips back to Caracas to visit my family and to collate the genealogical data I had collected up to that point. On my second trip, January through March 1967, I spent two months among Brazilian Yąnomamö and one more month with the Venezuelan Yąnomamö. Finally, I returned to Venezuela for three more months among the Yąnomamö, January through April 1968.

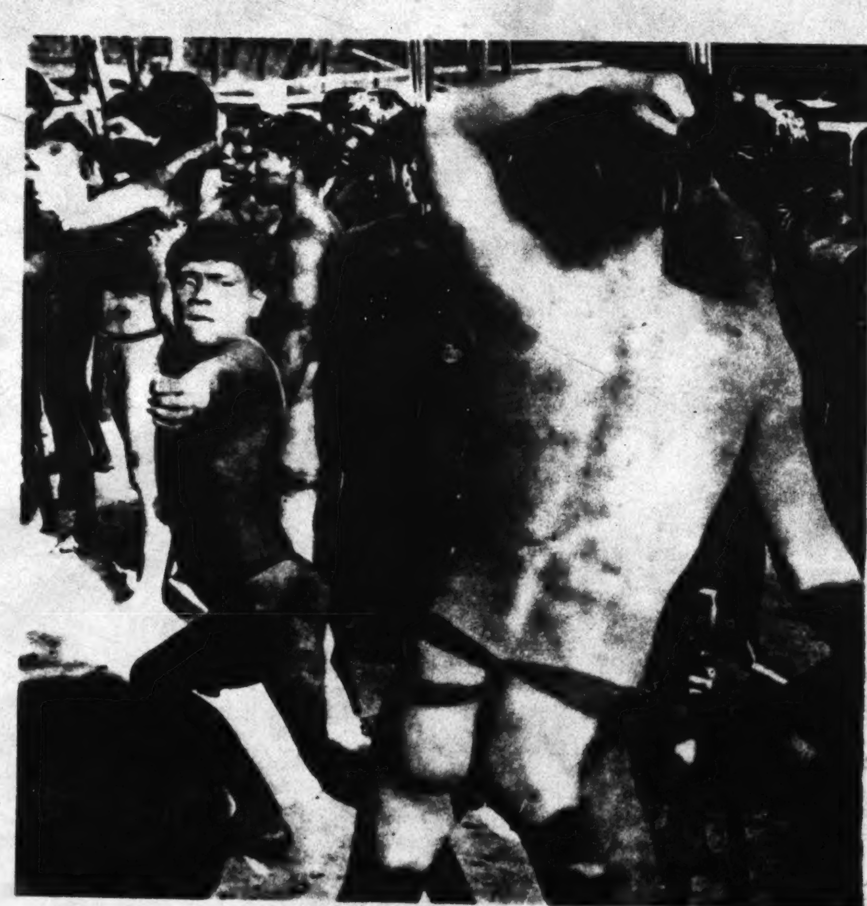

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Fig. 1-1 Members of allied villages engaged in a chest-pounding duel which followed a feast.

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way of life. The thing that impressed me most was the importance of aggression in their culture. I had the opportunity to witness a good many incidents that expressed individual vindictiveness on the one hand and collective bellicosity on the other. These ranged in seriousness from the ordinary incidents of wife beating and chest pounding to dueling and organized raiding by parties that set out with the intention of ambushing and killing men from enemy villages (Fig. 1-1). One of the villages discussed in the chapters that follow was raided approximately twenty-five times while I conducted the fieldwork, six times by the group I lived among.

114 of them anxious to help me and honor bound to show any visitor the numerous courtesies of their system of etiquette. In short, they approached the image of primitive man that I had conjured up, and it was sheer pleasure to work with them. The recent work by Colin Turnbull (1966) brings out dramatically the contrast in personal characteristics of two African peoples he has studied.

Hence, what I say about some of my experiences is probably equally true of the experiences of many other fieldworkers. I write about my own experiences because there is a conspicuous lack of fieldwork descriptions available to potential fieldworkers. I think I could have profited by reading about the private misfortunes of my own teachers; at least I might have been able to avoid some of the more stupid errors I made. In this regard there are a number of recent contributions by fieldworkers describing some of the discomforts and misfortunes they themselves sustained.[3] Students planning to conduct fieldwork are urged to consult them.

My first day in the field illustrated to me what my teachers meant when they spoke of "culture shock." I had traveled in a small, aluminum rowboat propelled by a large outboard motor for two and a half days. This took me from the Territorial capital, a small town on the Orinoco River, deep into Yąnomamö country. On the morning of the third day we reached a small mission settlement, the field "headquarters" of a group of Americans who were working in two Yąnomamö villages. The missionaries had come out of these villages to hold their annual conference on the progress of their mission work, and were conducting their meetings when I arrived. We picked up a passenger at the mission station, James P. Barker, the first non-Yąnomamö to make a sustained, permanent contact with the tribe (in 1950). He had just returned from a year's furlough in the United States, where I had earlier visited him before leaving for Venezuela. He agreed to accompany me to the village I had selected for my base of operations to introduce me to the Indians. This village was also his own home base, but he had not been there for over a year and did not plan to join me for another three months. Mr. Barker had been living with this particular group about five years.

[312] We arrived at the village, Bisaasi-teri, about 2:00 PM and docked the boat along the muddy bank at the terminus of the path used by the Indians to fetch their drinking water. It was hot and muggy, and my clothing was soaked with perspiration. It clung [136] uncomfortably to my body, as it did thereafter for the remainder of the work. The small, biting gnats were out in astronomical numbers, for it was the beginning of the dry 114 season. My face and hands were swollen from the venom of their numerous stings. In 123 just a few moments I was to meet my first Yąnomamö, my first primitive man. What would it be like? I had visions of entering the village and seeing 125 social facts running about calling each other kinship terms and sharing food, each waiting and anxious to have me collect his genealogy. I would wear them out in turn. Would they like me? [121] This was important to me; I wanted them to be so fond of me that they would adopt me into their kinship system and way of life, because I had heard that successful anthropologists always get adopted by their people. I had learned during my seven years of

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[3] Maybury-Lewis 1967, "Introduction," and 1965b; Turnbull, 1966; L. Bohannan, 1964. Perhaps the most intimate account of the tribulations of a fieldworker is found in the posthumous diary of Bronislaw Malinowski (1967). Since the diary was not written for publication, it contains many intimate, very personal details about the writers' anxieties and hardships.

anthropological training at the University of Michigan that kinship was equivalent to 114
society in primitive tribes and that it was a moral way of life, "moral" being something 123
"good" and "desirable." I was determined to work my way into their moral system of [121]
kinship and become a member of their society.

My heart began to pound as we approached the village and heard the buzz of activity within the circular compound. Mr. Barker commented that he was anxious to see if any changes had taken place while he was away and wondered how many of them had died during his absence. I felt into my back pocket to make sure that my notebook was still there and felt personally more secure when I touched it. Otherwise, I would not have known what to do with my hands.

The entrance to the village was covered over with brush and dry palm leaves. We pushed them aside to expose the low opening to the village. The excitement of meeting [361]
my first Indians was almost unbearable as I duck-waddled through the low passage into the village clearing.

I looked up and gasped when I saw a dozen burly, naked, filthy, hideous men [515]
staring at us down the shafts of their drawn arrows! Immense wads of green tobacco [276]
were stuck between their lower teeth and lips making them look even more hideous, and strands of dark-green slime dripped or hung from their noses. We arrived at the village while the men were blowing a hallucinogenic drug up their noses. One of the side effects of the drug is a runny nose. The mucus is always saturated with the green powder and the Indians usually let it run freely from their nostrils. My next discovery [231]
was that there were a dozen or so vicious, underfed dogs snapping at my legs, circling me as if I were going to be their next meal. I just stood there holding my notebook, helpless and pathetic. Then the stench of the decaying vegetation and filth struck me and I almost got sick. I was horrified. What sort of a welcome was this for the person who came here to live with you and learn your way of life, to become friends with you? They put their weapons down when they recognized Barker and returned to their chanting, keeping a nervous eye on the village entrances.

We had arrived just after a serious fight. Seven women had been abducted the 114
day before by a neighboring group, and the local men and their guests had just that 123
morning recovered five of them in a brutal club fight that nearly ended in a shooting 726
war. The abductors, angry because they lost five of the seven captives, vowed to raid the Bisaasi-teri. When we arrived and entered the village unexpectedly, the Indians feared that we were the raiders. On several occasions during the next two hours the men in the village jumped to their feet, armed themselves, and waited nervously for the noise outside the village to be identified. My enthusiasm for collecting ethnographic curiosities diminished in proportion to the number of times such an alarm was raised. In fact, I was relieved when Mr. Barker suggested that we sleep across the river for the evening. It would be safer over there.

As we walked down the path to the boat, I pondered the wisdom of having decided 114
to spend a year and a half with this tribe before I had even seen what they were 123
like. I am not ashamed to admit, either, that had there been a diplomatic way out, I would have ended my fieldwork then and there. I did not look forward to the next day when I would be left alone with the Indians; I did not speak a word of their language, and they were decidedly different from what I had imagined them to be. The whole situation was depressing, and I wondered why I ever decided to switch from civil en-

114 123 gineering to anthropology in the first place. I had not eaten all day, I was soaking wet from perspiration, the gnats were biting me, and I was covered with red pigment, the result of a dozen or so complete examinations I had been given by as many burly Indians. [515] These examinations capped an otherwise grim day. The Indians would blow their noses into their hands, flick as much of the mucus off that would separate in a snap of the wrist, wipe the residue into their hair, and then carefully examine my face, arms, legs, hair, and the contents of my pockets. I asked Mr. Barker how to say "Your hands are dirty"; my comments were met by the Indians in the following way: They would "clean" their hands by spitting a quantity of slimy tobacco juice into them, rub them together, and then proceed with the examination.

Mr. Barker and I crossed the river and slung our hammocks. When he pulled his hammock out of a rubber bag, a heavy, disagreeable odor of mildewed cotton came with it. "Even the missionaries are filthy," I thought to myself. Within two weeks, everything I owned smelled the same way, and I lived with that odor for the remainder of the fieldwork. My own habits of personal cleanliness reached such levels that I didn't even mind being examined by the Indians, as I was not much cleaner than they were after I had adjusted to the circumstances.

So much for my discovery that primitive man is not the picture of nobility and sanitation I had conceived him to be. I soon discovered that it was an enormously time-consuming task to maintain my own body in the manner to which it had grown accustomed in the relatively antiseptic environment of the northern United States. Either I could be relatively well fed and relatively comfortable in a fresh change of clothes and do very little fieldwork, or, I could do considerably more fieldwork and be less well fed and less comfortable.

114 122 It is appalling how complicated it can be to make oatmeal in the jungle. First, I had to make two trips to the river to haul the water. Next, I had to prime my kerosene stove with alcohol and get it burning, a tricky procedure when you are trying to mix powdered milk and fill a coffee pot at the same time: the alcohol prime always burned out before I could turn the kerosene on, and I would have to start all over. Or, I would turn the kerosene on, hoping that the element was still hot enough to vaporize the fuel, and start a small fire in my palm-thatched hut as the liquid kerosene squirted all over the table and walls and ignited. It was safer to start over with the alcohol. Then I had to boil the oatmeal and pick the bugs out of it. All my supplies, of course, were carefully stored in Indian-proof, rat-proof, moisture-proof, and insect-proof containers, not one of which ever served its purpose adequately. Just taking things out of the multiplicity of containers and repacking them afterward was a minor project in itself. By the time I had hauled the water to cook with, unpacked my food, prepared the oatmeal, milk, and coffee, heated water for dishes, washed and dried the dishes, repacked the food in the containers, stored the containers in locked trunks and cleaned up my mess, the ceremony of preparing breakfast had brought me almost up to lunch time!

Eating three meals a day was out of the question. I solved the problem by eating a single meal that could be prepared in a single container, or, at most, in two containers, washed my dishes only when there were no clean ones left, using cold river water, and wore each change of clothing at least a week to cut down on my laundry problem, a courageous undertaking in the tropics. I was also less concerned about sharing my provisions with the rats, insects, Indians, and the elements, thereby eliminating the need

for my complicated storage process. I was able to last most of the day on *café con leche,* 114
heavily sugared espresso coffee diluted about five to one with hot milk. I would prepare 122
this in the evening and store it in a thermos. Frequently, my single meal was no more
complicated than a can of sardines and a package of crackers. But at least two or three
times a week I would do something sophisticated, like make oatmeal or boil rice and
add a can of tuna fish or tomato paste to it. I even saved time by devising a water system
that obviated the trips to the river. I had a few sheets of zinc roofing brought in and
made a rain-water trap; I caught the water on the zinc surface, funneled it into an empty
gasoline drum, and then ran a plastic hose from the drum to my hut. When the drum [123]
was exhausted in the dry season, I hired the Indians to fill it with water from the
river.

I ate much less when I traveled with the Indians to visit other villages. Most of 114
the time my travel diet consisted of roasted or boiled green plantains (see Glossary) that 123
I obtained from the Indians, but I always carried a few cans of sardines with me in case 122
I got lost or stayed away longer than I had planned. I found peanut butter and crackers
a very nourishing food, and a simple one to prepare on trips. It was nutritious and
portable, and only one tool was required to prepare the meal, a hunting knife that could
be cleaned by wiping the blade on a leaf. More importantly, it was one of the few foods
the Indians would let me eat in relative peace. It looked too much like animal feces to
them to excite their appetites.

I once referred to the peanut butter as the dung of cattle. They found this quite repugnant. They did not know what "cattle" were, but were generally aware that I ate several canned products of such an animal. I perpetrated this myth, if for no other reason than to have some peace of mind while I ate. Fieldworkers develop strange defense mechanisms, and this was one of my own forms of adaptation. On another occasion I was eating a can of frankfurters and growing very weary of the demands of one of my guests for a share in my meal. When he asked me what I was eating, I replied: "Beef." He then asked, "What part of the animal are you eating?" to which I replied, "Guess!" He stopped asking for a share.

Meals were a problem in another way. Food sharing is important to the Yąno- 114
mamö in the context of displaying friendship. "I am hungry," is almost a form of greet- 123
ing with them. I could not possibly have brought enough food with me to feed the 183
entire village, yet they seemed not to understand this. All they could see was that I did 574
not share my food with them at each and every meal. Nor could I enter into their system 576
of reciprocities with respect to food; every time one of them gave me something "freely," 262
he would dog me for months to pay him back, not with food, but with steel tools. Thus,
if I accepted a plantain from someone in a different village while I was on a visit, he
would most likely visit me in the future and demand a machete as payment for the time
that he "fed" me. I usually reacted to these kinds of demands by giving a banana, the
customary reciprocity in their culture—food for food—but this would be a disappoint-
ment for the individual who had visions of that single plantain growing into a machete
over time.

Despite the fact that most of them knew I would not share my food with them 114
at their request, some of them always showed up at my hut during mealtime. I gradually 123
became accustomed to this and learned to ignore their persistent demands while I ate.
Some of them would get angry because I failed to give in, but most of them accepted

114 it as just a peculiarity of the subhuman foreigner. When I did give in, my hut quickly
123 filled with Indians, each demanding a sample of the food that I had given one of them.
If I did not give all a share, I was that much more despicable in their eyes.

A few of them went out of their way to make my meals unpleasant, to spite me for not sharing; for example, one man arrived and watched me eat a cracker with honey [262] on it. He immediately recognized the honey, a particularly esteemed Yąnomamö food. He knew that I would not share my tiny bottle and that it would be futile to ask. Instead, he glared at me and queried icily, "Shaki![6] What kind of animal semen are you eating on that cracker?" His question had the desired effect, and my meal ended.

Finally, there was the problem of being lonely and separated from your own kind, especially your family. I tried to overcome this by seeking personal friendships among the Indians. This only complicated the matter because all my friends simply used my confidence to gain privileged access to my cache of steel tools and trade goods, and looted me. I would be bitterly disappointed that my "friend" thought no more of me than to finesse our relationship exclusively with the intention of getting at my locked up possessions, and my depression would hit new lows every time I discovered this. The loss of the possession bothered me much less than the shock that I was, as far as most of them were concerned, nothing more than a source of desirable items; no holds were barred in relieving me of these, since I was considered something subhuman, a non-Yąnomamö.

The thing that bothered me most was the incessant, passioned, and aggressive demands the Indians made. It would become so unbearable that I would have to lock myself in my mud hut every once in a while just to escape from it: Privacy is one of Western culture's greatest achievements. But I did not want privacy for its own sake; rather, I simply had to get away from the begging. Day and night for the entire time I lived with the Yąnomamö I was plagued by such demands as: "Give me a knife, I am poor!"; "If you don't take me with you on your next trip to Widokaiya-teri I'll chop a hole in your canoe!"; "Don't point your camera at me or I'll hit you!"; "Share your food with me!"; "Take me across the river in your canoe and be quick about it!"; "Give me a cooking pot!"; "Loan me your flashlight so I can go hunting tonight!"; "Give me medicine . . . I itch all over!"; "Take us on a week-long hunting trip with your shotgun!"; and "Give me an axe or I'll break into your hut when you are away visiting and steal one!" And so I was bombarded by such demands day after day, months on end, until I could not bear to see an Indian.

It was not as difficult to become calloused to the incessant begging as it was to ignore the sense of urgency, the impassioned tone of voice, or the intimidation and aggression with which the demands were made. It was likewise difficult to adjust to the fact that the Yąnomamö refused to accept "no" for an answer until or unless it seethed with passion and intimidation—which it did after six months. Giving in to a demand always established a new threshold; the next demand would be for a bigger item or favor, and the anger of the Indians even greater if the demand was not met. I soon learned

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[553] [6] "Shaki," or, rather, "Shakiwä," is the name they gave me because they could not pronounce "Chagnon." They like to name people for some distinctive feature when possible. *Shaki* is the name of a species of noisome bee; they accumulate in large numbers around ripening bananas and make pests of themselves by eating into the fruit, showering the people below with the debris. They probably adopted this name for me because I was also a nuisance, continuously prying into their business, taking pictures of them, and, in general, being where they did not want me.

that I had to become very much like the Yąnomamö to be able to get along with them 114
on their terms: sly, aggressive, and intimidating. 123

Had I failed to adjust in this fashion I would have lost six months of supplies
to them in a single day or would have spent most of my time ferrying them around in
my canoe or hunting for them. As it was, I did spend a considerable amount of time
doing these things and did succumb to their outrageous demands for axes and machetes,
at least at first. More importantly, had I failed to demonstrate that I could not be pushed
around beyond a certain point, I would have been the subject of far more ridicule, theft,
and practical jokes than was the actual case. In short, I had to acquire a certain proficiency
in their kind of interpersonal politics and to learn how to imply subtly that certain potentially
undesirable consequences might follow if they did such and such to me. They do 114
this to each other in order to establish precisely the point at which they cannot goad 123
an individual any further without precipitating retaliation. As soon as I caught on to 152
this and realized that much of their aggression was stimulated by their desire to discover
my flash point, I got along much better with them and regained some lost ground. It
was sort of like a political game that everyone played, but one in which each individual
sooner or later had to display some sign that his bluffs and implied threats could be
backed up. I suspect that the frequency of wife beating is a component of this syndrome,
since men can display their ferocity and show others that they are capable of violence.
Beating a wife with a club is considered to be an acceptable way of displaying ferocity [593]
and one that does not expose the male to much danger. The important thing is that
the man has displayed his potential for violence and the implication is that other men
better treat him with respect and caution.

After six months, the level of demand was tolerable in the village I used for 114
my headquarters. The Indians and I adjusted to each other and knew what to expect 121
with regard to demands on their part for goods, favors, and services. Had I confined my 123
fieldwork to just that village alone, the field experience would have been far more enjoyable.
But, as I was interested in the demographic pattern and social organization of a
much larger area, I made regular trips to some dozen different villages in order to collect
genealogies or to recheck those I already had. Hence, the intensity of begging and intimidation
was fairly constant for the duration of the fieldwork. I had to establish my position
in some sort of pecking order of ferocity at each and every village.

For the most part, my own "fierceness" took the form of shouting back at the 114
Yąnomamö as loudly and as passionately as they shouted at me, especially at first, when I 123
did not know much of their language. As I became more proficient in their language and
learned more about their political tactics, I became more sophisticated in the art of
bluffing. For example, I paid one young man a machete to cut palm trees and make boards
from the wood. I used these to fashion a platform in the bottom of my dugout canoe
to keep my possessions dry when I traveled by river. That afternoon I was doing informant [197]
work in the village; the long-awaited mission supply boat arrived, and most of
the Indians ran out of the village to beg goods from the crew. I continued to work in the
village for another hour or so and went down to the river to say "hello" to the men on
the supply boat. I was angry when I discovered that the Indians had chopped up all my
palm boards and used them to paddle their own canoes[5] across the river. I knew that if

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[5] The canoes were obtained from missionaries, who, in turn, got them from a different tribe. [501] [439]

114 I overlooked this incident I would have invited them to take even greater liberties with
123 my goods in the future. I crossed the river, docked amidst their dugouts, and shouted for the Indians to come out and see me. A few of the culprits appeared, mischievous grins on their faces. I gave a spirited lecture about how hard I had worked to put those boards in my canoe, how I had paid a machete for the wood, and how angry I was that they destroyed my work in their haste to cross the river. I then pulled out my hunting knife and, while their grins disappeared, cut each of their canoes loose, set it into the current, and let them float away. I left without further ado and without looking back.

They managed to borrow another canoe and, after some effort, recovered their dugouts. The headman of the village later told me with an approving chuckle that I had done the correct thing. Everyone in the village, except, of course, the culprits, supported and defended my action. This raised my status.

Whenever I took such action and defended my rights, I got along much better with the Yąnomamö. A good deal of their behavior toward me was directed with the forethought of establishing the point at which I would react defensively. Many of them later reminisced about the early days of my work when I was "timid" and a little afraid of them, and they could bully me into giving goods away.

Theft was the most persistent situation that required me to take some sort of defensive action. I simply could not keep everything I owned locked in trunks, and the Indians came into my hut and left at will. I developed a very effective means for recovering almost all the stolen items. I would simply ask a child who took the item and then take that person's hammock when he was not around, giving a spirited lecture to the others as I marched away in a faked rage with the thief's hammock. Nobody ever attempted to stop me from doing this, and almost all of them told me that my technique for recovering my possessions was admirable. By nightfall the thief would either appear with the stolen object or send it along with someone else to make an exchange. The others would heckle him for getting caught and being forced to return the item.

121 With respect to collecting the data I sought, there was a very frustrating problem.
124 Primitive social organization is kinship organization, and to understand the Yąnomamö
551 way of life I had to collect extensive genealogies. I could not have deliberately picked
114 a more difficult group to work with in this regard: They have very stringent name taboos. They attempt to name people in such a way that when the person dies and they can no longer use his name, the loss of the word in the language is not inconvenient. Hence they name people for specific and minute parts of things, such as "toenail of some rodent," thereby being able to retain the words "toenail" and "(specific) rodent," but not being able to refer directly to the toenail of that rodent. The taboo is maintained even for the living: One mark of prestige is the courtesy others show you by not using your name. The sanctions behind the taboo seem to be an unusual combination of fear and respect.

114 I tried to use kinship terms to collect genealogies at first, but the kinship terms
123 were so ambiguous that I ultimately had to resort to names. They were quick to grasp
124 that I was bound to learn everybody's name and reacted, without my knowing it, by
601 inventing false names for everybody in the village. After having spent several months
551 collecting names and learning them, this came as a disappointment to me: I could not cross-check the genealogies with other informants from distant villages.

They enjoyed watching me learn these names. I assumed, wrongly, that I would 114
get the truth to each question and that I would get the best information by working in 123
public. This set the stage for converting a serious project into a farce. Each informant 124
tried to outdo his peers by inventing a name even more ridiculous than what I had been 551
given earlier, or by asserting that the individual about whom I inquired was married to his mother or daughter, and the like. I would have the informant whisper the name of the individual in my ear, noting that he was the father of such and such a child. Everybody would then insist that I repeat the name aloud, roaring in hysterics as I clumsily pronounced the name. I assumed that the laughter was in response to the violation of the name taboo or to my pronunciation. This was a reasonable interpretation, since the individual whose name I said aloud invariably became angry. After I learned what some of the names meant, I began to understand what the laughter was all about. A few of the more colorful examples are: "hairy vagina," "long penis," "feces of the harpy eagle," and "dirty rectum." No wonder the victims were angry.

I was forced to do my genealogy work in private because of the horseplay and 114
nonsense. Once I did so, my informants began to agree with each other and I managed 123
to learn a few new names, real names. I could then test any new informant by collecting 124
a genealogy from him that I knew to be accurate. I was able to weed out the more mischievous informants this way. Little by little I extended the genealogies and learned the real names. Still, I was unable to get the names of the dead and extend the genealogies back in time, and even my best informants continued to deceive me about their own close relatives. Most of them gave me the name of a living man as the father of some individual in order to avoid mentioning that the actual father was dead.

The quality of a genealogy depends in part on the number of generations it embraces, and the name taboo prevented me from getting any substantial information about deceased ancestors. Without this information, I could not detect marriage patterns through time. I had to rely on older informants for this information, but these were the most reluctant of all. As I became more proficient in the language and more skilled at detecting lies, my informants became better at lying. One of them in particular was so cunning and persuasive that I was shocked to discover that he had been inventing his information. He specialized in making a ceremony out of telling me false names. He would look around to make sure nobody was listening outside my hut, enjoin me to never mention the name again, act very nervous and spooky, and then grab me by the head to whisper the name very softly into my ear. I was always elated after an informant session with him, because I had several generations of dead ancestors for the living people. The others refused to give me this information. To show my gratitude, I paid him quadruple the rate I had given the others. When word got around that I had increased the pay, volunteers began pouring in to give me genealogies.

I discovered that the old man was lying quite by accident. A club fight broke 114
out in the village one day, the result of a dispute over the possession of a woman. She 123
had been promised to Rerebawä, a particularly aggressive young man who had married 124
into the village. Rerebawä had already been given her older sister and was enraged when 578
the younger girl began having an affair with another man in the village, making no at- 837
tempt to conceal it from him. He challenged the young man to a club fight, but was so abusive in his challenge that the opponent's father took offense and entered the village circle with his son, wielding a long club. Rerebawä swaggered out to the duel and

114 hurled insults at both of them, trying to goad them into striking him on the head with
123 their clubs. This would have given him the opportunity to strike them on the head. His
124 opponents refused to hit him, and the fight ended. Rerebawä had won a moral victory
578 because his opponents were afraid to hit him. Thereafter, he swaggered around and in-
839 sulted the two men behind their backs. He was genuinely angry with them, to the point of calling the older man by the name of his dead father. I quickly seized on this as an opportunity to collect an accurate genealogy and pumped him about his adversary's ancestors. Rerebawä had been particularly nasty to me up to this point, but we became staunch allies: We were both outsiders in the local village. I then asked about other dead ancestors and got immediate replies. He was angry with the whole group and not afraid to tell me the names of the dead. When I compared his version of the genealogies to that of the old man, it was obvious that one of them was lying. I challenged his information, and he explained that everybody knew that the old man was deceiving me and bragging about it in the village. The names the old man had given me were the dead ancestors of the members of a village so far away that he thought I would never have occasion to inquire about them. As it turned out, Rerebawä knew most of the people in that village and recognized the names.

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124 I then went over the complete genealogical records with Rerebawä, genealogies I had presumed to be in final form. I had to revise them all because of the numerous lies and falsifications they contained. Thus, after five months of almost constant work on the genealogies of just one group, I had to begin almost from scratch!

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124 Discouraging as it was to start over, it was still the first real turning point in my fieldwork. Thereafter, I began taking advantage of local arguments and animosities in selecting my informants, and used more extensively individuals who had married into the group. I began traveling to other villages to check the genealogies, picking villages that were on strained terms with the people about whom I wanted information. I would then return to my base camp and check with local informants the accuracy of the new information. If the informants became angry when I mentioned the new names I acquired from the unfriendly group, I was almost certain that the information was accurate. For this kind of checking I had to use informants whose genealogies I knew rather well: they had to be distantly enough related to the dead person that they would not go into a rage when I mentioned the name, but not so remotely related that they would be uncertain of the accuracy of the information. Thus, I had to make a list of names that I dared not use in the presence of each and every informant. Despite the precautions, I occasionally hit a name that put the informant into a rage, such as that of a dead brother or sister that other informants had not reported. This always terminated the day's work with that informant, for he would be too touchy to continue any further, and I would be reluctant to take a chance on accidentally discovering another dead kinsman so soon after the first.

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551 These were always unpleasant experiences, and occasionally dangerous ones, depending on the temperament of the informant. On one occasion I was planning to visit a village that had been raided about a week earlier. A woman whose name I had on my list had been killed by the raiders. I planned to check each individual on the list one by one to estimate ages, and I wanted to remove her name so that I would not say it aloud in the village. I knew that I would be in considerable difficulty if I said this name aloud so soon after her death. I called on my original informant and asked him to tell

me the name of the woman who had been killed. He refused, explaining that she was a 114
close relative of his. I then asked him if he would become angry if I read off all the 123
names on the list. This way he did not have to say her name and could merely nod when 124
I mentioned the right one. He was a fairly good friend of mine, and I thought I could 551
predict his reaction. He assured me that this would be a good way of doing it. We were alone in my hut so that nobody could overhear us. I read the names softly, continuing to the next when he gave a negative reply. When I finally spoke the name of the dead woman he flew out of his chair, raised his arm to strike me, and shouted: "You son-of-a-bitch![6] If you ever say that name again, I'll kill you!" He was shaking with rage, but left my hut quietly. I shudder to think what might have happened if I had said the name unknowingly in the woman's village. I had other, similar experiences in different villages, but luckily the dead person had been dead for some time and was not closely related to the individual into whose ear I whispered the name. I was merely cautioned to desist from saying any more names, lest I get people angry with me.

I had been working on the genealogies for nearly a year when another individual 114
came to my aid. It was Kąobawä, the headman of Upper Bisaasi-teri, the group in which 123
I spent most of my time. He visited me one day after the others had left the hut and 124
volunteered to help me on the genealogies. He was poor, he explained, and needed a machete. He would work only on the condition that I did not ask him about his own parents and other very close kinsmen who were dead. He also added that he would not lie to me as the others had done in the past. This was perhaps the most important single event in my fieldwork, for out of this meeting evolved a very warm friendship and a very profitable informant-fieldworker relationship.

Kąobawä's familiarity with his group's history and his candidness were remarkable. His knowledge of details was almost encyclopedic. More than that, he was enthusiastic and encouraged me to learn details that I might otherwise have ignored. If there were things he did not know intimately, he would advise me to wait until he could check things out with someone in the village. This he would do clandestinely, giving me a report the next day. As I was constrained by my part of the bargain to avoid discussing his close dead kinsmen, I had to rely on Rerebawä for this information. I got Rerebawä's genealogy from Kąobawä.

Once again I went over the genealogies with Kąobawä to recheck them, a considerable task by this time: they included about two thousand names, representing several generations of individuals from four different villages. Rerebawä's information was very accurate, and Kąobawä's contribution enabled me to trace the genealogies further back in time. Thus, after nearly a year of constant work on genealogies, Yąnomamö demography and social organization began to fall into a pattern. Only then could I see how kin groups formed and exchanged women with each other over time, and only then did the fissioning of larger villages into smaller ones show a distinct pattern. At this point I was able to begin formulating more intelligent questions because there was now some sort of pattern to work with. Without the help of Rerebawä and Kąobawä I could not have made very much sense of the plethora of details I had collected from dozens of other informants.

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[6] This is the closest English translation of his actual statement, the literal translation of which would be nonsensical in our language.

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Fig. 1-3. Kąobawä, the wise leader, listens to identify a strange noise in the jungle.

I spent a good deal of time with these two men and their families and got to know them well. They frequently gave their information in a way which related themselves to the topic under discussion. We became very close friends. I will speak of them frequently in the following chapters, using them as "typical" Yąnomamö, if, indeed, one may speak of typical anything. I will briefly comment on what these men are like and their respective statuses in the village. 114 123 124

Kąobawä is about 40 years old (Fig. 1-3). I say "about" because the Yąnomamö numeration system has only three numbers: one, two, and more-than-two. He is the headman of Upper Bisaasi-teri. He has had five or six wives so far and temporary affairs with as many more women, one of which resulted in a child. At the present time he has just two wives, Bahimi and Koamashima. He has had a daughter and a son by Bahimi, his eldest and favorite wife. Koamashima, about 20 years old, recently had her first child, a boy (Fig. 1-4). Kąobawä may give Koamashima to his youngest brother. Even now the brother shares in her sexual services. Kąobawä recently gave his third wife to another of his brothers because she was beshi: "horny." In fact, this girl had been married to two 115 [602] [595] [837] [835]

222 we had each accumulated a half bushel or so, we would then proceed to eat them. In 262 general, it takes a lot of work to get filled up on palm fruits.

The Yąnomamö also collect wild honey in considerable quantities. Nothing excites them more than locating a dead tree in which a swarm of bees has built a nest. They will halt everything and, if need be, spend the entire day chopping the tree down [123] to get at the honey. When I began my fieldwork I hired about a dozen men to cut trees for me so that I could build a mud hut. They would be gone all day and return with just a few poles, demanding a full day's pay for their efforts. I decided to accompany them one day to see what they were up to. We spent the entire day wandering through the jungle, eyes glued to the tree tops above. Each time I spotted a suitable tree, they talked me out of cutting it down because "it would rot" or "it is too far away from the river." By mid-afternoon we had not cut a single tree, but had walked over a large area of jungle. Finally, one of the men shouted for the rest of us to come. All the men descended on the large, dead tree he had located, and set about chopping it down with the axes I had provided. It took about an hour to get it down. They then spent another hour chopping holes along the length of the tree trunk to get at the honey inside. When it was exposed, they gleefully tore the combs out, dunked them into the amber liquid, and gorged themselves on the larvae-filled combs. After they had eaten their fill of this, they collected a large pile of leaves and made a crude bowl. Then they stuck handfuls of leaves into the honey and squeezed them out into the leaf bowl. When they had gotten all the honey they could reach, they scoured the nest with leaves and licked them off after each plunge [123] of the hand into the bowels of the trunk. They borrowed the aluminum kettle I had brought along and used to cook our lunch in. As we were some distance from the river [272] and they were impatient, one of them filled the kettle with muddy water he found in a swamp a short distance away. Some of the honey from the bowl was poured into the kettle, along with dead adult bees, twigs, leaves, dirt, and several dozen larvae. They passed this around among themselves, each man drinking about a quart or so of the mead after blowing the debris off the surface in order to expose the water. The remainder [251] of the honey was wrapped up in its leaf bowl, tightly bound with vines, and carried back [123] to the village. On the way back to the canoe we cut a few light trees for my mud hut. They had gotten what they were looking for all day, and I managed to get a few logs. They demanded a full day's pay when we reached home. Thereafter, I paid them by the log rather than by the day.

222 231 262 Finally, several varieties of insects are collected. Perhaps the most desirable food in this category is the grub of an insect that lays its eggs in the decaying pith of dead palm trees. The Yąnomamö come very close to practicing "animal domestication" in their techniques of exploiting this food. They deliberately cut the palm tree down in order to provide fodder for the insect. When they cut the tree, they also eat the heart of the palm, a very delicious, crunchy vegetable that slightly resembles the taste of celery hearts. One palm we cut yielded an edible heart of about 30 pounds. After the pith has been allowed to decay for several months, it contains numerous large, fat, white grubs. The pith is dug out of the tree with sticks, broken open by hand, and the grubs extracted. Each grub is bitten behind his squirming head, and the head and intestines removed simply by pulling the body away from the teeth. If a grub gets damaged in the process of extracting it, the parts are eaten raw on the spot. A fair-sized palm tree will yield three or four pounds of grubs, some of them as large as a mouse. The grubs

The *noreshi* animals are inherited patrilineally for men and matrilineally for women.[12] Kąobawä, for example, inherited 774
his *noreshi* animal, the black monkey, from his father and transmitted it to his son. All 825
his male kinsmen have the black monkey as their *noreshi*. Bahimi, Kąobawä's wife, has the dog for her *noreshi* animal, as does her mother and her daughter by Kąobawä. The *noreshi* animal of a woman always travels on the ground below the animal of the husband.

Noreshi animals duplicate the behavior of the person to whom they correspond. When Kąobawä goes hunting, so does his *noreshi* animal. When he is sick, so is his *noreshi* animal. If he takes a journey of two days, the animal likewise travels an equal distance, and so forth.

The *noreshi* animal and the person to whom it corresponds are always in complementary distribution. That is, they never come close to each other, for if they should see each other, they would both die. Their mutual existences are coextensive and coterminous: One lives only as long as the other, and both die at precisely the same instant. If a hunter should shoot Kąobawä's *noreshi* animal and kill it, Kąobawä would also be [761]
shot and would die. Similarly, if Kąobawä is shot by raiders and killed, his *noreshi* animal would suffer the same fate.

The soul aspect of the *noreshi*, however, can leave the human body at will and [753]
wander. Sickness results when the *noreshi* has left the body; unless it is brought back soon, the person will die. The *noreshi* is the vulnerable portion of the complete being, the part that is the target of witchcraft and harmful magic. The shamans (*shabori*) wage [756]
constant war against the evil demons (*hekura*) of enemy groups who have been sent to capture the *noreshi* parts of children. They, in turn, send their own *hekura* to capture the *noreshi* of enemy children; the wars that take place between men who raid to kill are likewise carried over into the domain of the supernatural.

When sickness is deemed to be the result of soul loss, the people who are closely 774
related to the sick person hunt for his *noreshi*. I participated in one of these soul hunts. 755
Kąobawä's group had set up a temporary camp across the river from its main village 825
site, as they suspected raiders would attack them. While they were camped in their tem- [114]
porary village, one of the children became ill, and her malady was thought to be caused by soul loss. When the threat of raiders passed, the temporary camp was abandoned and the group moved back into the main village.

The child's condition worsened, so a group of women and children returned to the temporary camp, suspecting that the *noreshi* had remained there. I went along and, with [114]
the others, cut a branch from a shrub and began sweeping the site and calling for the *noreshi* to return. We swept the entire area and converged at one point. Everybody was convinced that the *noreshi* had been herded into this central point. We then lured the *noreshi* back across the river and into the body of the sick child.

The vulnerability of the *noreshi* to magical spells is best examplified by the fact 774
that the shamans of every village spend most of their time chanting to the *hekura* (de- 825
mons) with the intention of persuading them either to attack the *noreshi* of other (enemy) [756]
children or to drive off the *hekura* sent by enemy shamans. Again, the Yąnomamö used [777]
two of their concepts of the soul to describe photographs and tape recordings. They were [123]
very hostile to me when I attempted to take photographs, especially of children, because [126]

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[12] The inheritance of these "alter-ego" animals has nothing to do with marriage rules and patrilineage exogamy.

774 I, in effect, was capturing the *noreshi* of the child: A photograph was called *noreshi.*[13]
825 Tape recordings, in contrast, were not considered to be harmful. If anything, they enjoyed
177 having me record their music and discussions, and always demanded that I play them
• 123 back for everyone to hear. The word used to describe a recording was *no uhudibi*, the part
126 of the soul that wanders in the jungle after the body is cremated. In short, only the
noreshi aspect of the soul is vulnerable.

766 TREATMENT OF THE DEAD If a person dies in an epidemic, his body, along with
those of the others who died, is placed on a tree platform and allowed to decay. After
[887] several months, an old man is appointed to strip the remaining decayed flesh from the
bones and the bones are then cremated. The Yąnomamö fear the smoke that is produced
[763] when a body is cremated, and since epidemics are feared, they do not take a chance on
contaminating the houses, implements, and persons with the smoke produced by the
[783] burning bodies.

764 Under normal circumstances, the body of the deceased is placed on a pyre of logs,
covered with additional wood, and allowed to burn until nothing but the large bones
[783] are left. The burning takes place in the village, usually in the afternoon. The children and
women leave, as they are susceptible to contamination by the smoke. They all bathe
[562] carefully to wash off any possible contamination. Even the weapons are washed.

[858] After the coals are cool enough to handle, the relatives sift the ashes meticulously with shallow, loosely woven baskets, collecting every bit of bone they can find. The charcoal of the wood is burned, lest a small piece of bone be mixed in with it. The accumulated bones are then ground in a log mortar, hollowed out by means of alternate burning and chopping. These logs are about 4 feet long and 6 to 8 inches in diameter.
[237] For grinding the bones of a male, white buzzard down is usually attached around the
[531] circumference of the mortar, and curved lines painted on the mortar with red pigment.
[562] The mortars used for females are not decorated as elaborately, but usually have decorative
fibers of a palm tree, the kind used by women to decorate their perforated ears. Circles
and dots are painted on the mortars of females.

The charred bones of the dead are placed, a few at a time, into the mortar and a
[531] long, slender pole is used as the pestle. These poles are about 6 feet long, 2 or 3 inches
in diameter, and bear painted decorations. The bones are crushed into a black powder
by a young man, while the relatives of the deceased sit around the mortar and weep profusely. The ground ashes are then transferred to hollow gourds through a small hole and
[266] sealed with wax and buzzard down. A little is left in the mortar and eaten, mixed with
boiled plantain soup, on the day of the ceremony. The mortar is always burned after a
ceremony.

769 About a year later, the rest of the ashes are eaten during a feast, again mixed with
266 boiled plantain soup. Occasionally, they will deliberately save some of the ashes, especially ashes of those who were killed in raids, making use of them for a number of cere-
[726] monies. Before each attempt at getting revenge, the raiders eat the ashes of their slain
kinsman. This puts them into the appropriate state of rage for the business of killing
enemies.

[illegible] [13] Many informants gave a more pragmatic explanation of their fear of the camera. They did not want to be reminded of their dead kinsman, and if I had a photograph of the person, this would be an extremely offensive reminder to his relatives that their loved one was dead.

756 Shamans The nature of the relationship between man and spirit is largely one [754] of hostility. The shamans, by and large, spend most of their time casting charms on enemies and enjoining their own personal demons to prevent harm from befalling the local people. Magic and curing are intimately bound up in shamanism, the practitioner devoting his efforts alternatively to causing and curing sickness.

[776] The demons that the shamans contact are *bekura*, very tiny humanoid beings that dwell on rocks and mountains. Particularly successful shamans can control these demons to such an extent that the *bekura* will come and live inside the chest of the shaman. Each shaman solicits the aid of numerous *bekura* and attempts to lure them into his body.

[785] Men who want to become shamans (*shabori*) go through a simple rite of fasting and chastity. They sit before their houses, use only a few trails, eat very little, and spend most of their time in a contemplative stupor brought about by hunger and drugs. After several days of this, the initiate has entered the world of the *shabori*, and can practice his *[621] skill. Each village has as many *shabori* as there are men who wish to enter this status: probably half of the men in each village are shamans.

Rerebawä told me that he was going to become a *shabori*, as he enjoyed taking the drugs and making contact with the spirit world. He decided to do this because his [853] wife is still nursing their youngest child so that he cannot have sexual relationships with [834] her anyway; the obligatory chastity associated with becoming a shaman will not be as difficult now as it would be when his wife weans the child. No *bekura* will dwell in the chest of a novice *shabori* who continues to have sexual relationships. After the practitioner has captured the *bekura* and they become acquainted with him, they will stay in his chest after he resumes his sexual activities.

[276] Contact with the *bekura* is achieved by taking drugs. Particularly adept *shabori* can contact their *bekura* with only a pinch of drug, which they inhale directly from their [787] fingers. Most of them, however, take a large dose of the drug by means of the hollow blowing tube. The *shabori* then prances back and forth in front of his house and chants to the demons he attempts to control, enjoining them to descend on enemies and cause [795] them sickness (see Fig. 2-9). If he is curing someone, he chants before the house of the patient, rubs him, massages him, and draws the evil spirit causing the sickness to some extremity, such as an arm or leg. Then he sucks or pulls the spirit out and carries it away from the sick person, either vomiting it out or throwing it away, depending on how he [757] extracted it originally. The Yąnomamö do not employ medicines made from plants or animals. Consequently, they rely exclusively on the cures that the *shabori* effect, fighting supernatural ills with supernatural medicine.

123 One of the surprises of my field experience was that I had to spend a great deal of 756 time curing the sick, and my medicines were always in demand. The sick people, however, always took their illnesses to the *shabori* after I had treated them—one cannot be too careful.

105 Conclusion In summary, the Yąnomamö have effected an adaptation to their 182 three environments. This is not to say that other means and techniques could not do the job equally well; but the peculiar combination of technology, social organization, and cosmology found among the Yąnomamö distinguishes them as a group from all other tribes. Although their technology is primitive, it permits them to exploit their jungle habitat sufficiently well to provide them with the wherewithal of physical comfort. The nature of their economy—slash-and-burn agriculture—coupled with the fact that they

606 The avoidance taboo prohibits a man from saying his mother-in-law's name. My
123 informants would be extremely embarrassed when I would say the name of their mother-in-law
[551] while collecting genealogies. Kąobawä, for example, would grin sheepishly and
hide his head. Men must also avoid their mothers-in-law physically and should not look at them. If I took a group of people for a ride in my canoe, there would always be considerable shuffling of bodies so that the men could be situated in the canoe as far away from their mothers-in-law as possible.

128 Finally, case C illustrates another kind of sororal polygyny: Individuals III-1 and
602 III-3 are sisters to each other because their mothers are sisters. (The equation stating
595 that children of siblings of the same sex are themselves siblings extends indefinitely in
the case of males, but breaks down in the case of females after two generations. This is because descent is patrilineal.)

128 *Case D:* This also is a case of FaSiDa marriage: I-2 and I-3 were brothers, so one
582 of the parents of each of the third generation individuals were brother and sister to each
602 other. Hence, III-1 married his FaSiDa.

Case E: The marriage of III-1 to III-2 is similar to the marriage in case D, but his
128 marriage to the second wife, III-3, illustrates the use of another kinship equation. She
595 is an actual sister to the first wife, but does not stand in the FaSiDa relationship to her
602 husband. If one of the sisters is FaSiDa, however, then all of them are in Yąnomamö kinship usage.

128 *Case F:* This illustrates how affinal ties replace consanguineal ties should the two
582 conflict. III-1 can trace a blood tie to his wife, one that would prevent him from marrying
602 her, but the affinal ties between his own father and the father of his wife permit him
to marry according to the prescription. Individual III-1 would call all of his father's
[601] wives "mother." Hence, his own wife is, technically, MoBrDa.

128 *Case G:* This illustrates a number of marriage rules stated in the preceding examples.
I present it as a sort of exercise to reinforce the logic of the Yąnomamö kinship
582 equations given above. Individual II-6 married two brothers, II-5 and II-7, illustrating
587 the *levirate:* the marriage between a man and his brother's widow. Individual II-9 married
602 his FaSiDa (as in case F). Individuals III-3 and III-4 can marry because their fathers were cross-cousins (see case H, below). Individual III-5 married his FaSiDa, as was shown for the similar marriage in case E. Individual IV-1 married two women, each of
[597] whom is his FaSiDa. This is so because I-2 and I-4 were adopted brothers, so that their
sons (II-2 and II-4) were also siblings. Hence, IV-1 married his FaSiDa (IV-2) and, as in case E, her sister. His second wife is also FaSiDa because her mother (III-6) was a sister to III-2, since their respective fathers (II-9 and II-2) were (adopted) brothers.

128 *Case H:* This illustrates a very powerful marriage rule: The children of men who
582 call each other *shoriwä* (brother-in-law) can marry. Practically speaking, in our kinship
601 terms, the rule is that the children of cross-cousins stand in marriageable relationship to
602 each other. II-2 and II-3 stand in wife-giver/wife-receiver relationship to each other and could exchange sisters in marriage. Their sons stand in the same relationship. Another important feature of Yąnomamö kinship and marriage rules is illustrated here. While III-1 married a woman of the prescribed category, he does not reckon his relationship to her patrilaterally or matrilaterally. That is, she is neither FaSiDa nor MoBrDa, but she is both! This emphasizes the fact that they marry primarily in terms of categories rather than by tracing biological ties, as I have done in the above examples. To the Yąnomamö,

593 only suggest to a brother of the same age that the task should be done. This is equally
561 true should one of them be the village headman. Kąobawä can ask his youngest brothers
to perform many menial tasks during the preparations for a feast, but he cannot ask
593 his mature brothers to help out. Thus, when it is time to clean the weeds from the village
561 plaza to prepare the dance site, Kąobawä himself initiates the work, a form of suggestion
622 that the task must be done. After a while his older, politically important brothers will
join him, but only on their own initiative. He could not directly ask them to do this
work. On one occasion a young man stole my flashlight and gave it to Shiimima, a
[123] younger brother to Kąobawä, but already a mature adult. I asked Kąobawä to help me
get it back. After a day or so I asked him if he had gotten my flashlight back from
Shiimima, whereupon he replied: "I have spoken to him about it. He will return it if
he sees fit. I cannot order him to do so because he is already fierce." Adult brothers of
the same age are under considerable pressure to establish their prowess and masculinity
and do not permit other men, including their mature brothers, to boss them around.
[554] By contrast, Kąobawä could have *commanded* his youngest brother to return the flashlight,
since the latter was not yet "fierce," that is, politically significant in village affairs, hence,
anxious to display personal autonomy.

Finally, people can trace remote genealogical relationships to others under many
622 circumstances. Kąobawä continuously spoke of the headman of a distant village as his
*628 brother. When I questioned him about his usage, he explained that he and the other
602 man have a common patrilineal great-grandfather, that is, he *demonstrated* (see Glossary)
his genealogical relationship to the man in question. The other headman gave a similar
account.

*621 In small villages the male members of the same lineage are usually on fairly
613 intimate terms with each other. As the village grows in size, however, closeness of
602 genealogical relationship becomes an important measure of the amity between brothers.
That is, some men who are related as brothers group together and behave as a political
unit. They group together because they are closely related genealogically and have
common interests with respect to obtaining wives. If the village is very large, there may
be two or more such groups of brothers within the same lineage. The larger lineage begins to segment into smaller factions, resulting in groups of agnates who are on more
intimate terms with the members of their own group than they are with their genealogically more distant agnates who, in turn, constitute a different group.

THE LOCAL DESCENT GROUP This lineage segmentation was implicit in Generation V of Fig. 3-1 and arose because of the way in which members of lineage X entered
into marriage alliances with members of the incorporated lineage W. These groups of
brothers—segments—are called local descent groups.[9] Local descent groups have three
[611] characteristics. First, membership in them depends on patrilineal descent. Hence, the
members all trace relationships to each other through males, and one can only be a member of the group if such a relationship exists. Second, the members of the group live
[591] in the same village. If, for example, a young man leaves his village to seek a wife elsewhere, he is no longer a member of the local descent group that includes his brothers and

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[9] Leach, 1951. Yąnomamö local descent groups differ slightly from the definition given by Leach; among the Yąnomamö such groups rarely include more than two generations of males, whereas Leach defined them as embracing three generations. Otherwise, Yąnomamö local descent groups closely fit Leach's definition.

When
I insisted that she share her food with the child, he ate it ravenously. In short, she was 847 853
letting the baby die slowly of starvation. I have similar accounts from missionaries who [123]
have also witnessed cases such as this. [797]

Male babies are preferred because they will grow up to be warriors and hunters. 842
Most men make known their wishes to have a son—even to the point of insinuating 562
that the wife ought to deliver a male or suffer the consequences. This is always done in 847
a subtle way, usually by displaying signs of anger or resentment at the thought of having
a daughter that constantly eats without being potentially an economic asset or guardian
of the village. Many women will kill a female baby just to avoid disappointing their
husbands. The Yąnomamö also practice abortion in a very crude but effective way. The
pregnant woman will lie on her back and have a friend jump on her belly to rupture the
amnion. Sometimes abortions are effected because the woman does not want to kill the
baby after it is born. In other cases a man will order his wife to abort if he suspects that [848]
somebody else conceived the child.

Several techniques are used to kill a newborn child. The most common method is 847
to strangle it with a vine so as not to touch it physically. Another common method is to
place a stick across the child's neck and stand on both ends of it until it chokes. In some
cases the child is not given the stimulus to breathe and is simply abandoned. Finally,
some women throw the child against a tree or on the ground and just abandon it without
checking to see if it was killed by the injuries sustained. One of the New Tribes Mission-
aries discovered a female baby in 1964 that had been discarded in this fashion and brought [797]
her home with him. The baby's face was badly bruised on one side, but she survived. The
missionary subsequently adopted her legally and is raising her in England.

The demographic result of the Yąnomamö infanticide practices is that there is a 847
shortage of females.[13] This shortage of females, however slight, assumes greater propor- 162
tions for a number of culturally determined reasons. That is, the shortage of women is [595]
even greater than statistics alone imply because of the practice of polygyny and because [834]
of taboos relating to sexual intercourse.

The village of Patanowä-teri, for example, has 122 males and only 90 females 621*
(see Table 3-3). But many (about 25 percent) of the politically important men in the 162
village have two or more wives. Hence, many men have no wives. Polygyny, therefore, [595]
increases the women shortage because the available women are distributed unequally.

In addition to this, the Yąnomamö have taboos against intercourse when a woman [843]
is pregnant or is nursing a child. The taboo is by no means followed to the strict letter, [853]
since children are nursed for three years or more—some men sheepishly admit having
coitus with a lactating wife. Rerebawä, whose youngest child is about a year old, told me [183]
that he recently tried to persuade his wife to make love. He added: "She told me to go
take some drugs and chant to my forest spirits; she is still 'stingy' with her vagina." Hence
there is considerable concern within the village over the acquisition and possession of

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[13] The frequency of female infanticide must be considerably higher than the statistics in Table 3-3 imply, since [165] warfare results in the death of more men than women. This shows up in the age and sex distribution: There are more males in the younger age categories than females because of the infanticide preferences. As the males get older, however, they are more liable to death in warfare, resulting in a fairly even distribution of males and females in the thirty- to forty-year age interval. Finally, there are more old women than old men, also reflecting the higher male mortality due to warfare. I have published more substantial data on Yąnomamö demography in Neel and Chagnon, 1968.

Monou-teri, Lower Bisaasi-teri, and Kąobawä's group. All their other neighbors, allied 628*
to the victims of the treacherous feast, relentlessly raided them. They were, in short, 721
extremely dependent on Kąobawä's group and the two other villages related to Kąobawä's group.

Kąobawä and his followers have astutely finessed this situation in two ways. First, 628*
they have managed to coerce the two Shamatari villages into ceding women without 581
reciprocating an equal number of their own in return. The men who have obtained 583
Shamatari wives have, as well, managed to cut short their period of bride service in the Shamatari village. Conversely, Shamatari men who have been promised women of Kąobawä's group are pressed into very lengthy bride service, sometimes up to three years.
Secondly, Kąobawä's group has prevented the two Shamatari allies from re-establishing 628*
friendly contacts with the other Shamatari to their southeast by chicane, threat, and 726
intimidation. One of the two Shamatari allies, the Reyaboböwei-teri, has attempted a 574
rapprochement with the Shamatari enemies of Kąobawä's group. In 1965, several months 527
after I had been living in Kąobawä's village, Kąobawä's group managed to stage another treacherous feast for the old enemies by taking advantage of the renewed ties between the Reyaboböwei-teri and the enemies. They learned that the Reyaboböwei-teri planned to invite one of the villages to a feast, so they, along with the Monou-teri, Lower Bisaasi-teri, and Mǫmariböwei-teri, went to the feast in order to ambush the guests. The Reyaboböwei-teri, however, were reluctant to go through with the plan and warned the visitors about it. The visitors were en route to the village when word of the treachery reached them. This had the effect of creating even more difficulties for the Reyaboböwei-teri, for it is highly unlikely that they will succeed in gaining the confidence of their neighbors to the southeast. Nevertheless, some visiting between the groups still continues.[17]

The historical relationships between the villages helps account for the reasons 628*
behind contemporary alliance patterns. The discrepancy between marriage rules and 581
actual marriage practice in Lower Bisaasi-teri is a result of the political advantages that 582
group enjoys over one of its allies. It has used this advantage to gain a favorable imbalanced marriage exchange pattern, but one that is only temporary. The Shamatari are also shrewd in their alliance practices, and have succeeded in neutralizing their disadvantages by capitalizing on schisms between Kąobawä's group and Lower Bisaasi-teri. This has been done largely by confining their marriage exchanges to important men in the dominant lineages of Upper and Lower Bisaasi-teri. One of the Shamatari villages, Mǫmaribowei-teri, has restricted its exchanges to Lower Bisaasi-teri and Monou-teri, while completely ignoring Upper Bisaasi-teri. The other Shamatari village has given its women only to Upper Bisaasi-teri. This has resulted in the weakening of ties between the three villages of Upper Bisaasi-teri, Lower Bisaasi-teri, and Monou-teri, whose members are

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[17] I plan to use these visiting ties to establish contact with the Shamatari villages in that area, none of which [123]
have had contact with outsiders. These uncontacted Shamatari, however, know who I am because I attempted [114]
to reach them in 1965. They subsequently sent a message out urging me to visit them, angry because my guides forced me to turn back on my first attempt. In 1966 they even sent an old man to Kąobawä's village by way of Reyaboböwei-teri with an invitation for me to visit them. I had already left Venezuela by that time. Most of the men in the two contacted Shamatari villages tried to prevent me from going by telling horrible tales of the treachery that awaited my visit, describing how the Shamatari will kill me. The truth of the matter is that they know that I will being the uncontacted Shamatari machetes and axes that might otherwise be given to them. The headman of one of the uncontacted villages has a brother in Mǫmariböwei-teri. He privately conceded that no harm would befall me and offered to take me to visit in 1967. He was, unfortunately, bitten by a snake just before I arrived in March of 1967, and my plans were deferred until 1968.

858 753 854 855 123 most common way for a child's soul to escape is to leave by way of the mouth when the child cries. Thus, mothers are quick to hush a bawling baby in order to prevent its soul from escaping. The child's soul can be recovered by sweeping the ground in the vicinity where it most probably escaped, calling for it while sweeping the area with a particular kind of branch. I once helped gather up the soul of a sick child in this fashion, luring it back into the sick baby. One of the contributions I made, in addition to helping with the calling and sweeping, was a dose of medicine for the child's diarrhea. A consequence of this set of attitudes about the vulnerability of children is that much of the village's activity with respect to shamanism and curing is directed toward the children.

602 601 RELATIVES BY BLOOD AND BY MARRIAGE Many forms of interpersonal behavior stem largely from the social roles implied in the kinship system. To be sure, some kinship behavior reflects the two distinctions of age and sex discussed above, for the terminology of kinship itself employs discriminations of this kind. For example, there are terms to distinguish older siblings from younger siblings and terms used by members of one sex only in reference to those of the opposite sex.

The relationship between kinship terms and biological parentage is not the same in the Yąnomamö language as it is in our own. As was shown in the first section of this chapter, people may stand in a child relationship to a number of individuals; that is, it is possible to have multiple "mothers" and "fathers" in Yąnomamö society. The term for mother and father conveys as much of a social as a biological relationship between individuals, and in the daily activities of the Yąnomamö it is the social implications of kinship roles that are most important.

What is implied in the kinship roles can best be seen in the way the kinship terms themselves are formed. All primary kinship terms take the ending *"-mou"* when used to describe the relationship between individuals. Thus, *oshcya* means "my younger sibling," 193 192 but *oshemou* means that individual X *behaves* toward individual Y *as a younger sibling*. This ending, *-mou*, also occurs in nonkinship usage to express "a way of behaving," "to execute a particular activity in a specified manner," or "to perform the activity that is implied by the word to which *-mou* is affixed." For example, *oko* means fresh-water crab and *okomou* means "to go hunting for crabs"; *bowashi* means "a mischievous white monkey" and *bowashimou* means "to act mischievously, to monkey around"; *nowa naba* means "enemy," and *nowa nabamou* means "to become an enemy by behaving objectionably"; *waiteri* means "fierce" and *waiterimou* means "to behave ferociously."

Whenever I would ask the Yąnomamö a question such as, "What do you call Kąobawä?" the answers would always be in the form of a kinship term to which *"-mou"* was affixed, but rarely in the form "I say such-and-such to him." Calling an individual by a specific term is, however, implied in the "way of behaving" toward that individual. But despite the fact that the Yąnomamö can say, literally, "I call him father" (*kama kä iba, hąyą ya kuu*), they invariably say *"ya hįįmou"*—"I behave toward him as a child."[20] Thus, they express their relationships to others in terms of *ways of behavior*. Each kinship category implies a set of these behavioral norms, and one's social life in the community is established with respect to all other individuals by the kinship terminology employed in each particular case.

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[20] Although the word *hįį* translates literally as "father," the expression *ya hįįmou* can best be understood with the translation given above.

512 296 [123] supplies soak the new leaves in water and add ashes from the hearth to the wad. Men, women, and children chew tobacco and all are addicted to it. Once there was a shortage of tobacco in Kąobawä's village and I was plagued for a week by early morning visitors who requested permission to collect my cigarette butts in order to make a wad of chewing tobacco. Normally, if anyone is short of tobacco, he can request a share of someone else's already chewed wad, or simply borrow the entire wad when its owner puts it down somewhere. Tobacco is so important to them that their word for "poverty" translates as "being without tobacco." I frequently justified my reluctance to give away possessions on the basis of my poverty. Many of them responded by spitting their tobacco into their hand and handing it to me.

512 [241] Work begins as soon as breakfast is completed; the Yąnomamö like to take advantage of the morning coolness. Within an hour after it is light the men are in their gardens clearing brush, felling large trees, transplanting plantain cuttings, burning off dead timber, or planting new crops of cotton, maize, sweet potatoes, yuca, taro, or the like, depending on the season. They work until 10:30 A.M., retiring because it is too humid and hot by that time to continue with their strenuous work. Most of them bathe in the stream before returning to their hammocks for a rest and a meal. [461] [515]

[593] [461] The women usually accompany their husbands to the garden and occupy themselves by collecting firewood or helping with planting and weeding. In this way the men are sure that their families are safe and that the women are not having affairs with other men.

[857] [824] [825] The children spend a great deal of time exploring the wonders of the plant and animal life around them and are accomplished biologists at an early age. Most twelve-year-old boys can, for example, name twenty species of bees and give the anatomical or behavioral reasons for their distinctions—and they know which ones produce the best honey. An eight-year-old girl brought me a tiny egg-like structure on one occasion and asked me to watch it with her. Presently it cracked open and numerous baby cockroaches poured out, while she described the intimate details of the reproductive process to me.

[857] The younger children stay close to their mothers, but the older ones have considerable freedom to wander about the garden at play. Young boys hunt for lizards with miniature bows and featherless arrows. If they can capture one alive, they bring it back to the village and tie a string around it. The string is anchored to a stick in the village clearing and the little boys chase it gleefully, shooting scores of tiny arrows at it (see Fig. 3–8). Since lizards are very quick, and little boys are poor shots, the target practice can last for hours. Usually, however, the fun terminates when an older boy decides to make an end to the unhappy lizard and kills it with his adult-size arrows, showing off his archery skills to the disgruntled small fry. [231] [526]

[857] [562] Little girls learn very quickly that it is a man's world, for they soon must assume much of the responsibility for tending their younger siblings, hauling water and firewood, and in general helping their busy mothers.

[461] [222] Most of the people rest in their hammocks during the heat of midday, although they will collect fruits and other wild foods from the surrounding area, if any are in season. They avoid being in the direct rays of the midday sun.

[461] [241] [276] If the men return to their gardening, they do so about 4:00 P.M., working until sundown. Otherwise, they gather in small groups around the village and take hallucinogenic drugs in the late afternoon shadows, chanting to the mountain demons as the

At the evening meal he refused to
512 take a portion of the meat so that the others could have more. Later in the evening, he
[224] appeared at my hut begging for a can of sardines to satisfy his hunger for meat. He
[554] preferred to go hungry rather than risk the onus of being accused of poor marksmanship
[264] or stinginess.

[123] Both sexes participate in the cooking, although the women do the greater share
[462] of it. Food preparation is not elaborate and rarely requires much labor, time, or para-
[252] phernalia. Spices are never used, although the salty ashes of a particular kind of tree
[263] are sometimes mixed with water to form a condiment of sorts. The food is dunked into
the salty liquid and eaten.

[264] Everyone eats in his hammock using his fingers for utensils. Some meals cannot
be eaten from a reclining position, so the members of the family squat in a circle around
[252] the common dish. For example, large quantities of tiny fish are cooked by wrapping them
in leaves and cooking them in the hot coals. When the fish are done, the package is spread
[264] open, and everyone shares its contents.

[252] Animals are never skinned before cooking. They are merely put over the fire after
their entrails have been removed, and roasted, head, fur, claws, and all. Most of the fur
is singed off in the process of cooking. The animal is dismembered by hand. The head,
[262] particularly the head of a monkey, is highly prized because the brain is considered a
delicacy. The most common meat is monkey, of which there are several varieties, so that
this delicacy is enjoyed rather frequently by the Yąnomamö.

[354] By the time supper is over it is nearly dark. The fires are prepared for the evening;
if someone has allowed his own fire to go out during the day, he simply borrows two
glowing sticks from a neighbor and rekindles his own hearth. The entrances to the
[417] village are sealed off with dry brush so that prowlers can not enter without raising an
alarm. Before retiring to their hammocks, the Yąnomamö first sit on them and wipe
[515] the bottoms of their bare feet together. This rubs off most of the debris that has accum-
[513] ulated on them during the course of the day. Everyone sleeps naked and as close to the
fire as possible. Despite the inevitable last-minute visiting, things are usually quiet in
the village by the time it is dark.

[755] Things are not always quiet after dark. If anyone in the village is sick, a shaman
will chant to the malevolent spirits most of the night to exorcise them. Or, should
[765] anyone be mourning a dead kinsman, he or she will sob and wail long after the others
have fallen asleep. Occasionally, a fight will break out between a husband and wife, and
[593] soon everybody in the village will be screaming, expressing opinions on the dispute. The
[578] shouting may continue sporadically for hours, dying down only to break out anew as
someone gets a fresh insight into the problem. Once in a while someone gives a long,
[537] loud speech voicing his opinion on the world in general. Those who are interested may
add their own comments, but the audience usually grumbles about the noise and falls
asleep.

Status Differences and Activities

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221 Daily activities, except those concerning gardening and visiting, do not vary
561 much from season to season. Much of the variation that does occur is a function of one's
562 age or sex, as was shown above.

Other status differences do exist and account for some variation in the activities 156
of particular individuals. Rerebawä, for example, is an outsider to Kąobawä's group and 606
has no intention of joining the village as a permanent resident. Consequently, he does 224
not participate in the gardening activities and has considerably more spare time than 241
other married men. He spends this time hunting for his wife and her parents, one of 591
his obligations as a son-in-law. He is quite dependent on them for the bulk of his diet 583
because they provide him with all his plantains. This is perhaps why he takes his hunting obligations so seriously and gives his game away so unflinchingly. He is quick to make reference to his hunting skills and generosity, perhaps to draw attention away from the fact that he does not cultivate food for his wife and children. He has been able to avoid making a garden because of his status as an outsider; he plans to return to his own village as soon as his bride service is over. But his in-laws want him to stay permanently so that he will be able to provide them with meat and garden produce when they are old. They have no sons to do this for them and have even promised Rerebawä their second daughter on the condition that he remain permanently in the village. They prevent Rerebawä from taking his wife and children home by keeping at least one of the children with them when Rerebawä goes to visit his own family. They know that his wife could not bear to be separated permanently from her child, and Rerebawä invariably brings her back home so that she can be with the child.

By Yąnomamö standards he has done enough bride service and deserves to be given his wife. Also, by their standards he has lived in the village so long that he should be obliged to make his own garden. But he can legitimately refuse to do this because he has discharged his obligations well beyond what was expected of him.

Kąobawä, on the other hand, has the special status of being his group's headman. 156
Apart from this, he is also some fifteen years senior to Rerebawä and has a higher sense 622
of obligation and responsibility to his family. Rerebawä, in addition to refusing to make 561
a garden, thinks nothing of taking a week-long trip to visit friends, leaving his wife and 156
children with her parents. His attitude toward the children, compared to Kąobawä's, is 593
rather indifferent. Kąobawä had planned to accompany me to Caracas to see how foreign- 123
ers live until Ariwari began crying and appealed to his father's paternal sensitivities. 177
Kąobawä stepped out of the canoe, took off the clothing I had loaned him, and picked up Ariwari; "I can't go with you," he explained, "Ariwari will miss me and be sad."

Kąobawä thinks for the others in the village, many of whom are not able to 156
perceive some of the less obvious implications of situations. In political matters he is the 623
most astute man in group, but he so diplomatically exercises his influence that the others are not offended. Should someone be planning to do something that is potentially dangerous, he simply points out the danger and adds parenthetically, "Go ahead and do
it if you want to, but don't expect sympathy from me if you get hurt." Shararaiwä, his 123
youngest brother, planned to take a trip to a distant village with me. I knew that the 628
two villages were not on particularly good terms with each other, but they were not actively at war. Kąobawä arrived at my canoe just as we were about to depart and asked me not to take Shararaiwä along, explaining that the Iyawei-teri might possibly molest him and precipitate hostilities between the two groups. Shararaiwä was willing to take a chance that my presence would be sufficient to deter any potential trouble, but Kąobawä would not risk it.

On another occasion a group of men from Patanowä-teri arrived to explore with 000

On another occasion a group
156 of men from Patanowä-teri arrived to explore with
622 Kąobawä the possibility of peace between their two villages. They were brothers-in-law
*628 to him and were fairly certain that he would protect them from the village hotheads. One
607 of the ambitious men in Kąobawä's group saw in this an opportunity to enhance his
574 prestige and made plans to murder the three visitors. This man, Paruriwä, was a very
721 cunning, treacherous fellow and quite jealous of Kąobawä's position as headman. He
[123] wanted to be the village leader and privately told me to address him as the headman. On
this occasion Kąobawä let it be known that he intended to protect the visitors. For the
better part of the day the village was in a state of suspense. Paruriwä and his followers
were not to be found anywhere; a rumor spread that they had painted themselves black
and were well armed. Kąobawä and his supporters, mostly his own brothers and brothers-
[914] in-law, remained in the village all day, their weapons close at hand. Late in the afternoon
Paruriwä and his men appeared in their black paint and took up strategic posts around
the village. He himself held an axe. He strutted arrogantly up to the visitors holding
his axe as if he were ready to strike. The village became very quiet, and most of the
women and children left. Neither Kąobawä nor the Patanowä-teri visitors batted an
eyelash when Paruriwä approached, although the others were visibly nervous and sat
up in their hammocks. Instead of striking the visitors with the axe as he appeared to
suggest he was going to do, he invited one of them out to chant with him. Within
seconds all three of the visitors had paired off with members of Paruriwä's group and
were chanting passionately with them, explaining the reasons for their visit and giving
their justification for the state of hostilites.

The crisis has been averted because of Kąobawä's implied threat that he would defend the visitors with force. A number of men in Paruriwä's group were visitors from Monou-teri; their headman had been killed a few months earlier by the Patanowä-teri. When Paruriwä failed to go through with his plan, they left the village in a rage, hoping to recruit a raiding party in their own village and ambush the visitors when they left.

Kąobawä realized that the visitors would not be safe until they got back home,
[123] since the Monou-teri would attempt to intercept them. He visited me that night and
asked me to take the visitors back to their village at dawn in my canoe, knowing that I
had already planned a trip there for the immediate future. After I agreed to accelerate
my own plans, he proceeded to give me instructions about the trip: I was not to stop at
any of the villages along the Orinoco River to visit, for all of them were at war with the
Patanowä-teri and would shoot my companions on sight. The Patanowä-teri men lay on
the floor of my canoe and covered themselves with a tarp when we passed these villages.
The people on the bank shouted curses at me for not stopping to visit and give them
trade goods. At this time the Patanowä-teri were being raided by about a dozen different
villages. We had to cover part of the distance to their village on foot, proceeding very
cautiously because of the danger of raiders. At one point the men showed me the spot
where a Hasaböwä-teri raiding party had killed a Patanowä-teri woman a week earlier.
Thus, Kąobawä not only protected the visitors while they were in his village but he
also arranged a "safe-conduct" for their return.

156 Kąobawä keeps order in the village when people get out of hand. Paruriwä, for
622 example, is particularly cruel to his four wives and beats them mercilessly for even slight
593 provocations. None of his wives have brothers in the village, and few people are coura-
578 geous enough to interfere with Paruriwä when he is angry. On one occasion Kąobawä
was holding a feast for the members of an allied village. His preparations were being

*628 begun cultivating an alliance with a third Shamatari group, one that was related to the
two that conducted the massacre in 1950. The new Shamatari group, Paruritawä-teri
(see map, Fig. 2-8), was at war with the Iwahikoroba-teri, but on feasting terms with the
*628 Mōwaraoba-teri. Kąobawä's group persuaded their new Shamatari allies to invite the
574 Mōwaraoba-teri to a feast and planned a massacre similar to that of 1950, but with the
726 tables reversed: Kąobawä's group would lie in ambush, while the Paruritawä-teri attacked
the guests within the village. The Mōwaraoba-teri were being ravished by a malaria
[131] epidemic at this time, and only a handful of them actually came to the feast: The others
were too sick to travel. With the aid of their newly found allies, Kąobawä's group managed to kill three of the five men and abducted four of their women. The other two visitors escaped to tell of the treachery. This revenge feast was only considered to be partially successful, and Kąobawä's group was not satisfied with the outcome. Their Shamatari allies, Paruritawä-teri, were obliged to abandon their site to avoid the revenge raids, splitting into two groups in the process: Mǫmaribōwei-teri and Reyabobōwei-teri, both continuing to remain friendly to Kąobawä's group.

*628 In early 1965, just a few months after I began my fieldwork, Kąobawä and his
574 supporters left to visit Reyabobōwei-teri, one of the two Shamatari allies, hoping to
726 conduct another treacherous feast for the Mōwaraoba-teri. They left a few men behind
• 123 to protect the women and children. The men were gone almost two weeks. All during
this time, those who remained behind flocked to my mud hut at dawn and remained in it the whole day, not permitting me to leave. Every hour or so they asked to see my shotgun. I soon discovered that they were frightened and suspected that the Widokaiya-teri were going to raid them to abduct women, for they knew of the plot. My hut lay on the path most likely to be taken by Widokaiya-teri raiders, and the few remaining men stood guard next to my door, hoping to intercept the raiders should they attack at night.

I, unknowingly, guarded the women and children by day with my shotgun, while the men did the same at night with their own weapons. This incident indelibly underscores the almost complete lack of trust between allies; the members of Kąobawä's group expected a raid from their friends and allies rather than from their enemies!

About ten days after the men had left, six visitors from another allied village
[138] passed through Upper Bisaasi-teri hoping to trade. It was obvious to them that the men
[203] were away and that the women were frightened. They carried word of the situation up
the Orinoco River to their own allies, one of which was the Mahekodo-teri.

The evening before the men returned from their trip, one of the Salesian Mission-
[199] aries, Padre Luiz Cocco, visited me, having traveled up the Orinoco River by dark—
a dangerous undertaking at that time of the year. Padre Cocco had just received word by short-wave radio from the mission at Mahekodo-teri that a large party of men had left for Bisaasi-teri intent on capturing women. They had learned of the poorly guarded women from the six visitors and were determined to take advantage of the situation.

My house was full of women and children at dawn the following day, and the raiders were probably en route. I was in a difficult situation. On the one hand, if I told the Indians of the rumor, it would have been sufficient cause to start a war between Kąobawä's group and the Mahekodo-teri. This would have been most unfortunate if the story proved to be false. On the other hand, I dared not remain silent. If raiders were indeed coming, they would probably kill the defenders to capture the women. Fortunately, Kąobawä and the men returned early in the afternoon, and I was able to remain

628* 574 726 723 [802] neutral. The treacherous feast for their Shamatari enemies proved to be unsuccessful: The intended victims had accepted the invitation, but were informed of the plot just before they arrived. One of the Reyaboböwei-teri who had close kinsmen among them had misgivings about the matter and warned them.

628* 574 Late in the afternoon it was learned that the Mahekodo-teri were, in fact, in the vicinity of the village, allegedly on a "camping trip." Kąobawä, of course, suspected their story, but to demonstrate his friendship he invited them to be his guests at a feast. As he and his men had been away for nearly two weeks, there was an abundance of food in their gardens and they could easily afford to entertain the Mahekodo-teri and their traveling companions, the Boreta-teri. Together, the guests numbered about 100—after they fetched their women and children.

This sets the stage for the feast in the kind of context that makes it more intelligible: The specific historical relationships between the participants and the nature of their mutual mistrust. Now I will give the details of the events that followed.

The Feast

Perhaps because he suspected the Mahekodo-teri and Boreta-teri of intimidation, Kąobawä also invited the Karohi-teri to attend the feast. They are a small but dependable ally and had themselves separated from the Mahekodo-teri many years ago. This established a balance of power at the projected feast should any trouble arise, for the combination of both Boreta-teri and Mahekodo-teri was of sufficient strength to worry any host. With the aid of the Karohi-teri, Kąobawä's group was more of a match for the visitors.

[203] The feast started out on a sour note. It is the custom of the Yąnomamö visitors to arrive only after an invitation from their hosts, sent by messenger on the day of the feast. The Mahekodo-teri and Boreta-teri, however, arrogantly arrived nearly a week before Kąobawä's group was prepared to receive them and set up a large, temporary camp a short distance from the village. They were guests and could legitimately demand to be fed. Because of this, Kąobawä and his covillagers were under obligation to feed them, some hundred or so people, and took them to the gardens to supply them with enough plantains to last a week. Kąobawä was a little disturbed that they would be so impolite as to arrive uninvited, but took the situation quite philosophically. After all, they had fed his group for the better part of a year.

[262] [252] [224] He and several other men cut a large quantity of plantains, which were hung in his house and allowed to ripen for a week, to be boiled into *date,* a thick, sweet soup, on the day of the feast. That afternoon Kąobawä and a few of the older men commissioned a hunting party comprised of young men, several of whom were Kąobawä's brothers, whose responsibility would be to obtain a large quantity of fresh meat to give to the visitors on the day after the feast. Most of them were reluctant to go, as their feet were still sore from the trip to the Shamatari village. A few of them claimed to be sick and managed to escape recruitment into the hunting party in this way. This hunt, with the hanging of the plantains in the headman's house, initiated the feast. The excitement that usually attends a feast began at this time.

[533] [535] [777] That evening the young men danced and sang in the village, an institution called *amoamo,* thereby insuring themselves with luck on the hunt. (The Yąnomamö also

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

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amoamo on other occasions, but invariably do so on the day the plantains are hung in [533] the village in anticipation of a feast.) Every evening the men are away on their *heniomou*, [535] the week-long hunt, the young women and girls sing and dance in the village to insure [224] them success.

The hunters left at dawn the following morning, carrying a large supply of roasted [224] and green plantains with them to eat while they hunted. They had picked a site some [262] 25 miles up the Mavaca River for their hunt, as game was known to abound there. Their task was to obtain monkeys, armadillos, wild turkeys, wild pig, tapir or sloth, the only meat deemed worthy to give to guests. They would not be permitted to eat any of this game, but could consume any other game they captured, such as deer, small birds, a small species of wild turkey, or insects and fish they happened to come upon. The feast meat, however, was earmarked for the guests and could not be eaten by the hunters. On this particular hunting trip the men miscalculated the amount of food they would need to sustain them during the hunt, and one of them returned after four days to fetch more plantains. He also gave Kąobawä a report on the hunt's success, creating a small sensation in the village: They had already killed a large number of *basho*, a particularly large and very desirable monkey. They had also come upon a quantity of turtle eggs at a sand bar and were eating as many as they could. When they returned later, they cached the remain- [123] ing eggs in my house, so as not to have to share them with the visitors.

Meanwhile, the visitors were making gluttons of themselves, and the hosts started [264] to grumble about the large number of plantains they had already eaten. The week's [262] supply they originally provided had been consumed in half that time, and the guests had [576] been given permission a second time to harvest more from their hosts' gardens. This was no way for guests to behave, and it soon became apparent that they were intimidating Kąobawä's group. Still, he and his followers continued to supply them with all the food they needed, keeping their complaints to themselves. They did not want it to be known that they were worried about running short of food. Instead, they planned to conduct the feast on a scale that would be difficult to reciprocate.

The hunters returned and presented their catch to Kąobawä. It was brought to [224] his house and placed on the ground, wrapped up in leaves. Kąobawä ignored it for a [262] while and then slowly began to unpack it (see Fig. 4-1) while everybody watched—especially the hunters, who were quite proud of the quantity of meat they had obtained: seventeen *basho* monkeys, seven wild turkeys, and three large armadillos. Hunting trips are not usually this successful, but the hunters had fortunately stumbled into a large band of *basho* and had nearly wiped it out.

Kąobawä and his group were anxious to conduct the feast for their visitors and present them with the food, because by so doing the visitors would be obliged to leave for home, thereby ending the drain on the gardens.[2]

The feast was scheduled for the day following the return of the hunters, even though the Karohi-teri had not yet arrived. Kąobawä and his group were so anxious to rid themselves of their ravenous guests by this time that they decided to hold a separate feast for the Karohi-teri on the day following the departure of the Mahekodo-teri. This would involve a considerable amount of extra work, but they were more than willing to

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[2] I have seen several instances of Yąnomamö groups getting rid of visitors who have joined them semipermanently by holding a feast in their honor; when the ceremonial food is presented, the visitors are obliged to leave.

*628 The members of Lower Bisaasi-teri had joined Kąobawä's group for the feast,
574 as they, too, were on friendly terms with the Mahekodo-teri and had benefited from the
[622] latter's hospitality after the treacherous feast in 1950. Before Kąobawä's group had
separated from the Lower Bisaasi-teri, there had been one headman over the entire com-
*[621] posite village. This was a brother to Kąobawä's father; when the groups split, the older
man led the faction of Lower Bisaasi-teri, leaving Kąobawä to lead the Upper group.
On this particular day, when the two groups had temporarily coalesced for the feast, the
older man was conceded the honor of chanting with the visitor's delegate, Asiawä, the
son of the Mahekodo-teri headman.

Ten minutes after the old visitor entered the village, Asiawä entered the clearing,
[535] touching off an explosion of wild cheering that marked the opening of the dance. He was
[291] spectacular in his bright new loin cloth, long red parrot feathers streaming from his
[301] armbands, and black monkey-tail headband covered with white buzzard down. He
[237] marched dramatically to the center of the village clearing, while all of Kąobawä's follow-
ers cheered, and struck the visitor's pose: motionless, head upward, and weapons held
vertically next to his face. He stood there two or three minutes so his hosts could admire
him. This gesture signified that he had come in peace and was announcing his benevolent
intentions by standing where all could see him. If they bore him malice, they had to
shoot him then or not at all.[5] He then marched to Kąobawä's house and was met by
Kąobawä's father's brother, the temporary leader of the combined host group, and the
two men immediately began to chant. This was the formal acceptance of the feast in-
vitation by Asiawä on behalf of his entire group. They chanted for five minutes or so,
[533] bouncing up and down from the knees, now face to face, now side to side, but always
lively and loud. Suddenly, they stopped, and Asiawä squatted, his back to the sun, while
the host's representative retired to his hammock. The cheering died down. Asiawä squat-
[264] ted for several minutes before one of Kąobawä's younger brothers brought a half-gourd
full of plantain soup to him and set it on the ground. He ignored it politely for several
minutes, staring into the distance, holding his weapons horizontally next to his mouth.
Presently, he put his weapons down, picked up the container of soup, and drained it in
one draft before setting it back down. As soon as he had set it down, one of Kąobawä's
younger brothers brought him a large pack-basket filled with boiled green plantains and
smoked armadillo meat. Asiawä stood while the strap of the basket was placed over his
head and adjusted across his shoulders so as to not crumple his headdress. Trying to look
dramatic, he staggered rapidly out of the village under his burden of food, while the
hosts again cheered wildly. This food was eaten by the visitors while they finished their
decorating, each receiving a small portion.

Within a half-hour of Asiawä's departure the visitors had completed their deco-
rating and had assembled just outside the entrance to the village. The men, all finely
decorated, stood at the front of the gathering, while the women, girls, and young boys,
also decorated, but each carrying a load of family possessions, brought up the rear. At
[535] the signal of Asiawä's father, the first two dancers burst into the village, separated, and
danced around the periphery of the clearing in opposite directions, while Kąobawä's
group welcomed them enthusiastically with shouts and shrill screams. Two at a time,

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[5] I have a number of informants' accounts of visitors being shot down while standing in the clearing to announce
[123] their visit. Whenever I accompanied visitors to strange villages for the first time I, too, was obliged to participate
in this rite and always had an uneasy feeling about it.

they were about to release their arrows point-blank at Kąobawä's attackers, but when he 628* and his aides turned them back, the crisis was over. 578 The leaders of the visiting group rejoined the other men, some of whom had picked up glowing brands of firewood, and they backed out of the village, weapons still drawn, their way illuminated by those who were waving the brands.[7]

Kąobawä's group took no further action in this affair and was not invited to feast at Mahekodo-teri. Later in the year, their relationships worsened because of a club fight in yet another village, and for a while both groups threatened to shoot each other on sight. A temporary rapprochement developed after the club fight, when a group of raiders from Kąobawä's group met a group of hunters from Mahekodo-teri while en route to [726] attack the village of one of their enemies. The men from both villages traded with each [438] other and departed on friendly terms, the raiders abandoning their raid and returning to their village lest they be later ambushed on the way home by the Mahekodo-teri. They are presently on trading terms with each other, but their relationship is still somewhat strained and potentially hostile.

In general, feasts are exciting for both the hosts and the guests and contribute to 628* their mutual solidarity. 574 Under normal circumstances, allies that customarily feast with each other do not fight. 578 Nevertheless, even the best allies occasionally agree beforehand to terminate their feast with a chest-pounding duel, 182 thereby demonstrating to each other that they are friends, but capable of maintaining their sovereignty and willing to fight if necessary (Fig. 4-4). Kąobawä's group had a chest-pounding duel with one of its staunchest allies in 1966, as each had heard that the other was spreading rumors that it was cowardly. Of the six feasts I witnessed during the nineteen months I spent with the [114] Yąnomamö, two of them ended in fighting.

Any Yąnomamö feast can potentially end in violence because of the nature of the attitudes the participants hold regarding canons of behavior and obligations to display ferocity.

Still, the feast and its attendant trade serve to reduce the possibility of neighbors fighting with each other at a more serious level of violence, and they contribute to intervillage solidarity and mutual interdependence.

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[7] At this time, I was crouched in the house behind the line of bowmen, trembling in my boots.

722 Bisaasi-teri, for example, wanted to get rid of the Monou-teri, they would hold a feast
*628 in their honor. When the going-home food was presented to them, they had no alterna-
[262] tive but to leave. It would have been insulting to remain after the food was presented.
[576] In between their moves they returned to their own producing site to collect plantains
and carry them to their new garden. They subsisted there off the food they carried with
them.

The Monou-teri soon resented being treated like pariahs by their allies and began to regain their courage. Much of this treatment was due to the fact that they failed to chase the raiders when Damowä was slain, displaying cowardice instead of ferocity. Many of the men in the Bisaasi-teri groups resented the Monou-teri for this and were not timid about displaying their disgust. The Monou-teri were a burden, as they rarely helped at expanding Bisaasi-teri's gardens and ate a good deal of the time.

721 The raid Kąobawä organized to revenge Damowä's death took place late in April.
726 The Shamatari allies—Mõmariböwei-teri and Reyaböwei-teri—were invited to participate,
*628 but they failed to send a contingency. As allies never really trust each other, the raid
was delayed because some of the Bisaasi-teri suspected that their allies were waiting for
the raiders to leave so that they could descend on the poorly protected women and make
off with captives. Finally, a few of them did arrive and the *wayu itou* (warrior line-up)
got under way. Still, the Bisaasi-teri feared treachery on the part of their Shamatari
friends, so the men of Lower Bisaasi-teri decided to stay home and protect the women
[574] left behind by the Monou-teri and Upper Bisaasi-teri raiders. A small feast was held to
entertain the visiting Shamatari allies.

726 On the afternoon of the feast a grass dummy was set up in the village, and the men who were to participate in the raid conducted a mock attack on the dummy, which was supposed to represent the body of a Patanowä-teri man. They painted themselves black, crept slowly around the village with bows and arrows ready, searching for the tracks of the enemy. They converged at one point, spread out, crept toward the dummy, and, at Kąobawä's signal, let fly with a volley of arrows. The Yąnomamö are good archers. None of the arrows missed its mark, and the dummy, looking like a pincushion, toppled ominously to the ground, a dozen or more bamboo-tipped arrows protruding from it. Then the raiders screamed and ran out of the village, simulating their retreat from the enemy. They drifted back into the village, one at a time or in small groups, and retired to their hammocks to wait for darkness.

The village became unusually quiet shortly after dark. Suddenly, the stillness was
[825] pierced by an animal-like noise, half-scream and half-growl, as the first raider marched
slowly out to the center of the village, clacking his arrows against his bow, growling
his individualized fierce noise, usually a mimic of a carnivore: a wasp, or a buzzard. At
[123] this signal—not knowing fully what to expect and a little nervous—I crept from my own
[126] hammock and went to the center of the village with my tape recorder. The other raiders
joined the first man, coming one at a time after short intervals, each clacking his arrows
and growling some hideous noise. Kąobawä stood by and made sure the line was straight
and faced the direction of the enemy; he would push or pull the individual warriors
until they formed a perfectly straight line, joining them after the last one took his
place.

The procession to the line-up took about twenty minutes, as about 50 or so men participated (see Fig. 5-2). When the last one was in line, the murmurs among the

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Fig. 5–2. Kąobawä's men and their allies lining up (wayu itou) *to raid the Patanowä-teri.*

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[533]
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children and women died down and all was quiet in the village once again. I squatted there, unable to see what was going on, growing more nervous by the moment, half suspecting that the warriors were sneaking up on me to murder me for tape recording a sacred rite. Then the silence was broken when a single man began singing in a deep baritone voice: "I am meat hungry! I am meat hungry! Like the carrion-eating buzzard I hunger for flesh!" When he completed the last line, the rest of the raiders repeated his song, ending in an ear-piercing, high-pitched scream that raised goose bumps all over my arms and scalp. A second chorus, led by the same man, followed the scream. This one referred to meat hunger of the kind characteristic of a particular species of carnivorous wasp. They screamed again, becoming distinctly more enraged. On the third chorus, they referred again to the buzzard's meat hunger, and a few men simultaneously interjected such descriptions of their ferocity as: "I'm so fierce that when I shoot the enemy my arrow will strike with such force that blood will splash all over the material possessions in his household!"

Then the line of warriors broke, and the men gathered into a tight formation, weapons held above their heads. They shouted three times, beginning modestly and increasing their volume until they reached a climax at the end of the third shout: "Whaaaa! Whaaaa! WHAAAAA!" They listened as the jungle echoed back their last shout, identified by them as the spirit of the enemy. They noted the direction from which the echo came. On hearing it, they pranced about frantically, hissed and groaned, waving their weapons, until Kąobawä calmed them down, and the shouting was repeated two more times. At the end of the third shout of the third repetition, the formation broke,

726 and the men ran back to the respective houses, each making a noise—"Bubububububu-
bubu"—as he ran. When they reached their hammocks, they all simulated vomiting,
passing out of their mouths the rotten flesh of the enemy they had symbolically devoured
in the line-up.

[765] They retired for the night. Many of them wept and moaned, mourning the loss
of their friend and kinsman, Damowä. At dawn the women went to the gardens and
gathered large quantities of plantains. These were carried to the raiders, wrapped with
their vine hammocks, and deposited outside the village for the men to collect as they
marched in single file to war.

[302] The men painted themselves black again (Fig. 5-3). Some even put on bright red
[291] loincloths which I had traded to them, as the warrior line-up is a spectacle in which the
younger men can show off to the girls. The loincloths were left behind when the men
● [123] departed. They tinkered with their bows and checked to see if the bowstrings were weak
at any spot, sharpened their best arrow points, and waited nervously for Kąobawä to
signal for the line-up to begin again. The *wayu itou* was repeated, each man marching
to the center of the village and taking his place in line. This time, however, they did
not sing the war song. They merely shouted, as they had done the previous night, waited
for the echo to return, and marched dramatically out of the village. Their mothers and
sisters wept or shouted last minute bits of advice as they left the village: "Don't get
yourself shot up!" "You be careful now!"

The men picked up their supplies of food where the women had cached them
[622] and left for Patanowä-teri. Kąobawä had been complaining all year of severe pains in
[164] his lower back, abdomen, and urinal tract, and was in considerable pain when he walked.
[701] Still, he insisted on going on the raid, suspecting that the others would turn back if he
[703] did not lead it. The raiders had not been gone five hours when the first one came back,
a boastful young man, complaining that he had a sore foot and could not keep up with
the others. The next day a few more young men returned, complaining that they had
[157] malaria and pains in the stomach. They enjoyed participating in the pomp of the *wayu
itou*, for this impressed the women, but were, at heart, cowards.

[484] The raiders travel slowly their first day away from the village. They have heavy
burdens of food and try to pace themselves so as to arrive in the enemy's territory just
as their food runs out. They also attempt to reach a point in the enemy's neighborhood
that will permit them to reach his village at dawn: far enough away so that enemy
hunters will not discover their presence, but close enough to the village that they can
reach it in an hour or so from their last camp.

[372] The men use fire only when they camp at a considerable distance from the enemy's
territory. As they approach their destination, they exercise greater caution. Their final
evening is spent shivering in the darkness, since they dare not make a fire to warm them-
selves. Most of the raiders emphasized this, as sleeping without fire is considered to be
both dangerous and uncomfortable. The danger lies in the possibility of jaguar attacks,
but even more in the fear that spirits will molest the unprotected raiders. On the last
[703] evening the raiding party's fierce ones have difficulties with the younger men; most of
them are afraid, cold, and worried about every sort of hazard, and all of them complain
of sore feet and belly aches.

The raiders always develop a strategy for attacking the unwary enemy. They usually split into two or more groups and agree to meet later at a predetermined location

Here, he intended to make a bark canoe and float the rest of

the way back down, but they located a dugout canoe someone had concealed,[3] so they 726
borrowed this and reached home about dark, three days after Shararaiwä had been bitten. [484]
He survived the snake bite, but Kąobawä was very exhausted from the trip. [501]

That night an advance party of the raiders returned, chanted briefly with Kąobawä, 727
explaining that they had reached Patanowä-teri, shot and killed one man, and fled. The 726
Patanowä-teri pursued them, got ahead of them at one point, and ambushed them when they passed. They wounded Konoreiwä of Monou-teri, shooting a bamboo-tipped arrow completely through his chest just above his heart.

The next morning the main body of raiders returned to the village, carrying 727
Konoreiwä with them in a litter. They had removed the arrow, but he was very weak [758]
and continuously coughed up mouthfuls of blood. They put him in a hammock and
tended his fire for him. They asked me to treat his wound. [723]

He lay in his hammock for a week, not eating or drinking all that time—the
Yąnomamö have a taboo against taking water when wounded with a bamboo-type arrow, [758]
and Konoreiwä was slowly wasting away. Finally, I could stand it no longer and made a batch of lemonade. I called for them to gather around, ceremoniously crushed an aspirin into the lemonade, and explained that this was very powerful medicine. So powerful that it had to be diluted with a large amount of water. I then demanded that he take some, which he gladly did, the others not interfering. By then he was so weak that he could not sit up, so I spoon-fed the liquid to him. A knowing glance passed between us as he gulped down the first spoonful of sweet liquid. He ultimately recovered.

The two men who shot the fatal arrows into the Patanowä-teri were both brothers 727
of the slain Damowä. They were killers and had to purify themselves by going through 783
the *unokaimou* ceremony. [593]

They were given spaces in Kąobawä's *shabono* for their hammocks. The area each man occupied was sealed off from the adjoining houses by palm leaves, and the men had their food brought to them for the week they were confined to this small area. They each used a pair of sticks to scratch their bodies and did not touch the food with their fingers when they ate, again using sticks to transfer the food from the container to their mouths.

At the end of their confinement, the vine hammocks they used while they were on the raid, along with the scratching sticks, were taken out of the village and tied to a particular kind of tree. The hammocks were placed about 6 feet above the ground and separated from each other by about 1 foot. After this was done, the men resumed their normal activities.

Kąobawä felt that he had satisfied his obligation to avenge Damowä's death. 726
The Monou-teri, however, wanted to prosecute the war further and continue raiding. It 701
was at this point that Paruriwä of Kąobawä's group began to emerge as one of the more [721]
prominent men in the village. He stepped forward and actively prosecuted the war against the Patanowä-teri, encouraged by the esteem in which the Monou-teri held him. Still, he was not enthusiastic enough for the Monou-teri. On one raid he subsequently led, he elected to turn back and go home when the Patanowä-teri were not found at their main garden. The Monou-teri insisted that the party should continue on until they

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[3] The canoe was hidden in the brush by Kąobawä's son-in-law, who lives in a village up the Orinoco. He had come to Bisaasi-teri that day to visit and hid his canoe so that the Bisaasi-teri would not borrow it.

Everyone in the village gathered around the ashes and wept aloud. The bamboo quiver 726
of the dead man was brought to the gourds, smashed, the points taken out, and the [765]
quiver itself burned. While this was going on, the mourners were in a state of frenzy,
pulling at their hair and striking themselves, screaming and wailing. One of his brothers [276]
took a snuff tube and blew some of the drug into the gourds containing the ashes (see Fig. 5-4). The tube was then cut in half, one of the dead man's arrow points being used to measure the point at which the snuff tube was cut. I was never able to determine whether the arrow points taken from the quiver were possessions of the dead man or were, in fact, the points removed from his body. There were ten of them, and my informants were too touchy about the matter to be questioned in detail: I received affirmative nods to both questions. In any event, the ten bamboo points were distributed to the raiders, who fondled them and examined them carefully. Each man brought one with him on the raid that followed this ceremony. The severed snuff tube and the gourds of ashes were wrapped in leaves and put back in the thatch of the brother's house.

That night I think I became emotionally close to the Yąnomamö for the first 726
time. I remained in my hammock and gave up collecting genealogies. As darkness fell 123
Damowä's brothers began weeping in their hammocks. I lay there and listened, not bothering to tape record it or photograph it or write notes. One of the others asked me why I was not making a nuisance of myself as usual, and I told him that my innermost being (*buhii*) was cold—that is, I was sad. This was whispered around the village, and as each person heard it, he looked over at me. The children who inevitably accumulate around my hammock were told by their elders to go home and not bother me anymore. I was *buhuo*, in a state of emotional disequilibrium, and had finally begun to act like a human being as far as they were concerned.

The next day the raiders lined up, shouted in the direction of the Patanowä-teri, heard the echo come back, and left the village to collect their provisions and hammocks. I allowed them to talk me into taking the entire raiding party up the Mavaca River in my canoe. There, they could find high ground and reach the Patanowä-teri without having to cross the numerous swamps that lay between the two villages. There were only ten men in the raiding party, the smallest the war party can get and still have maximum
effectiveness. As we traveled up the river, the younger men began complaining. One [703]
had sore feet, and two or three others claimed to have malaria. They wanted to turn back because I had forgotten to bring my malaria pills with me as I had promised. Hukoshikuwä (Fig. 5-5), a brother of the slain headman, silenced their complaints with an angry lecture on cowardice. I let them all out at the mouth of a stream they intended to follow. They unloaded their seemingly enormous supply of plantains and politely waited for me to leave. I sat among them and chatted, thinking that they were doing essential tasks as they fiddled with arrows and retied their provisions. Finally, one of them hinted that I should be leaving because I had a long trip and might not get home before dark. It was then that I discovered they were dallying, trying to be polite to me. They all thanked me for taking them upstream in my canoe, the only time Yąnomamö ever expressed gratitude to me, and I got in my canoe to leave. Hukoshikuwä came down to untie my rope for me and shove me off the bank. He watched, silently, as my canoe got caught up in the current and drifted away. He looked frightened, reluctant, anxious, but determined. After I had gotten my motor started and was under way, I looked back,
to see him turn, pick up his plantains and weapons, and disappear into the jungle. Even 726
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[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]